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AGNES SCOTT

THE

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY FALL 1964

"She's Burning to Act" /





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

VOL. 43, No. 1

FALL 1964

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FRONT COVER

Susan Duffee Philips '68

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Eager Freshman

FALL 1964

As she faces the myriad facets of first days at Agnes Scott, she finds at her disposal the heritage of centuries in man's search for truth.

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“ Don't Put Your Daughter On the Stage... ”

BY ALICE BEARDSLEY '47

DON'T put your daughter on the stage, Missis Worthington;
Don't put your daughter on the stage.
The profession is overcrowded and the struggle's pretty tough,
And admitting the fact,
She's burning to act,
That isn't quite enough.

Regarding yours, dear Missis Worthington,
Of Wednesday the twenty third;
Although your baby
Maybe
Keen on a stage career,
How can I make it clear —
That this is not a good idea?
For her to hope, Dear Missis Worthington,
Is on the face of it absurd.
Her personality is not in reality
Inviting enough,
Exciting enough
For this particular sphere.

Don't put your daughter on the stage,
Missis Worthington;
Don't put your daughter on the stage.
Tho' they said at the School of Acting she was
lovely as Peer Gynt
I'm afraid on the whole an ingenue role
Would emphasize her squint.
She's a big girl and tho her teeth are fairly good
She's not the type I ever would
Be eager to engage.
On my knees, Missis Worthington;
Please, Missis Worthington,
Don't put your daughter on the stage.

When Noel Coward put this impassioned plea to music, he did further damage to an already questionable career possibility for proper young ladies. (As far as proper old mothers are concerned.) But to a hapless few of their proper daughters, the world of bright lights and make-believe woos with strange song and in the fall they flood New York in waves of shining womanhood. And nobody's mother seems to approve.

Now I understand you're mostly mothers and I've been asked to bring the old Agnes Scott spirit of objective reporting (I say "old" because we certainly used to have it; I don't know what they're doing to it these days), to this subject of a theatre career for your daughters. In asking me to make this report, your Committee has not exactly had a choice. I seem to be their only pioneer in this jungle of the star-driven unemployed.

Actually, I'd just as soon you did keep your daughters off the stage. Just to be honest about it. Fellows I don't mind, but keep the girls away. It's a matter of work. There are 13,500 members of Actors Equity, the stage union, and only 1/6 to 1/3 of them are at work at any given time. So you see why many of us take a dim view of any further feeding from the provinces. I'm sure that's the reason Mr. Coward talked so tacky to poor Mrs. Worthington. He had a young friend whose job he was protecting. I accepted this assignment because I believe the truth will set your daughter free of her yearnings. And I am for truth.

The first truth is a financial one. Though you'd better not mention money first. She'll think you're not very "hip" to bring her down to such a mundane level from lofty soaring heights of creativity.



I only mention money first because I've been here awhile. Some time sneak in the fact that somebody as marvelous as Moss Hart told the graduating class of the American Academy that the first and most important art in theatre is the art of survival.

If you can survive through the years, everything is possible. If you cannot, no amount of soaring

creative talent will be of use. Tell your daughter the town is full of talent and full of those willing to train the talent, but nobody will teach her survival technique.

The years she must survive have been set at a legendary seven . . . seven years before her star shoots or she begins to work more frequently than infrequently. You can see, therefore, how thoughtful it would be if you would give her a private income. If you're not that thoughtful, then give her a skill. Teach her to be a short-order cook or a typist. In any case, give her a skill of mind, a curiosity and vitality able to ward off the long days of ennui that dampen and drug the spirit.

I suppose anyone interested in a stage career is aware of the relentless focus on the self. While the artist is separated from the crowd by canvas or clay, the writer by a bookshelf or newsstand, a musician by instrument of wood or brass, the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Since her graduation from Agnes Scott, Alice has been head of the radio department of the Ohio Farm Bureau, has made bicycle tours of New England, England and France, but primarily has launched herself in a career as actress on and off Broadway. Some words of Tennessee Williams about his play "Camino Real" in which Alice played Nursie, reflect her attitude toward the theater: "Life is an unanswered question, but let's still believe in the dignity and importance of the question."

(Continued on next page)

“Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage”

(Continued)

actress' instrument is her own body. When she delivers her product to be judged, it is her own legs which must dance the dance, her own voice which must sing the song and speak the speech. It is her own body which must communicate. And those who judge have a just right to say those devastating things denied to anyone except a politician in the white heat of campaign or a town's most virulent and fearless gossip.

(Brooks Atkinson, formerly revered and feared critic of *The New York Times* once said of an actress I knew, “Miss is an actress of no temperament.” I thought, at the time, that was the worst. I know now Mr. B.A. to be a tender-hearted, loving-spirited old dear. Incidentally, having no temperament *on* stage should not be confused with having plenty of it *off* stage. It's a significant distinction. But another story. Remind me to tell it to your daughter when she gets here.)

This focus on one's self requires, it seems to me, two adjustments. You have to protect yourself. And you have to remain vulnerable.

Way of Protection

I recall the advice of a casting director who tried to prepare me to protect myself. “Alice, you have to look at yourself like a package of cigarettes,” he told me. “If someone says ‘no’ to you, you have to think ‘He wanted Camels instead of Pall Malls.’ And you have to think ‘Someone else will want Pall Malls.’” And so you do begin to think of yourself as a product. You are a product tall, or short, or round or skinny. You are a product too old for this part and too young for that. You are not beautiful enough to be that leading lady or too beautiful to be the funny girl.

The failure to develop soon enough one's own way of protection has sent many talented young ladies fleeing from the big Town back to the hamlets of shelter and solace.

But you also have to remain vulnerable. No matter what attitude you develop to protect yourself from the “slings and arrows,” the fundamental

vision has to remain honest and open. The word “vulnerable,” as we use it, means “willing to let things happen to you and willing to be affected by them.”

I have seen some who rebel against the necessity of this continuing vulnerability. I once worked with an actress who played the drab, spinster sister of Emily Dickinson. She allowed her imagination to play with the reality of her own life and produced an exciting portrait. But some years later I saw her making the “rounds” (that grim or happy walk around the Town to agents and producers who frown or smile). She wore little girl black patent shoes with black, grosgrain bows, a little girl dress with puff sleeves, and her long graying hair flew loose around her shoulders. I remember being saddened at seeing her like this for in rebelling against the reality of herself, she relinquished the possibility of vital creativity.

A Blessed Unrest

By daring to stay vulnerable to all experience, one may fashion an instrument seasoned to make one's own peculiar statement. I know of no one who has put the high call quite as well as Martha Graham (*italics mine*):

There is a vitality, a life-force, an energy, a quickening that is translated through you into action, and because there is only one of you in all of time, this expression is unique and *if you block it*, it will never exist through any other medium and be lost. The world will not have it. It is not your business to determine how good it is nor how valuable nor how it compares with other expression. It is your business to keep it yours clearly and directly to the urges that motivate you. *Keep the channel open*. No artist is pleased nor has he any satisfaction at any time. There is only a queer divine dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest that keeps us marching.

Of course this all sounds very significant and challenging and we must avoid that, for nothing will seem more attractive to your daughter than significance and challenge. You see, you mustn't try to keep your daughter off the stage by attempting to dispel the myth of its attendant glamour.

Glamour might still appeal to you, but not to her. She could care less. Significance is the big thing.

Glamour, as a lure, went out with the era of the great Hollywood stars and the grand ladies of the stage. As awe inspiring as Vivien Leigh is as one of the greatest of grand ladies, your daughter will be led toward theatre by a Joan Plowright who adds significance to already significant plays (*Taste of Honey*). She will dismiss the actress photographed in billowing chiffon and embrace the actress photographed in blue jeans sitting on a ladder. She won't care about champagne in slippers as much as black beer in the corner bistro. And instead of mink, she might just prefer raccoon. Not that blue jeans, ladders, black beer or raccoon are any more significant than chiffon, champagne, slippers or mink. They just feel more dedicated and earnest.

Den of Triviality

It seems to me that the best approach for you in the light of these developments is to convince your daughter that should she choose to go into theatre, she would be entering a den of triviality. She might even be forced to have fun, and would therefore suffer great guilt. Tell her it's bad enough to have to dance and sing around the country or on camera. But on top of that she will have to be paid for it.

To show her what she's in for, I'll tell you about one of my recent jobs. I had to put on a 19th century dress and drape a ten foot string of garlic buds around my neck (I was warding off disease); put on an 18th century dress and capture a big rubber spider (that wasn't much fun, but they let me scream); turn cartwheels for an hour; sneak melodramatically away from imaginary assailants; and play tennis. Now that tennis game I must tell you about. The stage hands all lined up and threw balls at me. There was no such thing as chasing gone balls — a great improvement, as you can see, over the real game. Those big, burly, wizened, blase stage hands chased all over the set picking up balls while I stood in the lights on camera vollying back the fruits of their frantic efforts. They may not use that bit. The director told me that in real life people don't have hysterics while playing tennis.

And for these days of delight, I got money. I used to suffer so much that occasionally I would express myself. Once I told Sid Caesar's producer,



(Continued on next page)

“Don’t Put Your Daughter on the Stage”

(Continued)

“I get to dance with Sid and you’re going to pay me too?” He seemed very willing to relieve me of part of my guilt so I decided that in the future I would repress my true feeling and become more stoical about my problem. Warn your daughter she must be ready for repressions and stoicism.

As I said, stress fun and triviality. Be concerned for her. Be concerned that her days and years will be squandered in insignificance; that the quality of her mind will be tested by no greater challenge than selling soap suds, deodorants and ointments; that slowly her talent will be atrophied in a morass of inanities. Well . . . maybe you’d better not say it that strongly. It sounds a little overproduced. Make it a little lower key, but you get the idea.

Now for your information, the truth is not quite like that — about the morass of inanities, I mean. But I don’t suggest you tell the truth, because in this case I’m not at all sure it’s going to set her free.

You see, if your daughter has acted at all, and depending on the quality of her natural talent, she may have experienced creating a character who takes off from her in a life of its own. She will remember finding a walk for the character, a way of talking, perhaps a few mannerisms. She will find out what the character wants in life and in each moment of time of the play. And then all of a sudden, the character becomes a person who lives apart from its mother’s apron strings. If your daughter has made too many characters into people, I’m afraid this aid to you comes too late. For this can only happen when she gives to a character the dignity of respect as a symbol of living being. And whenever that communion occurs between her and the character she creates, she has experienced something of unforgettable significance. With just one experience of that nature she can withstand endless sessions with soap suds.

And the trouble is that that kind of significant experience is a potential in each role she is given, no matter how great or small, no matter the playwright’s renown. For instance, for a long time I figured that the great, glowing experiences of my



“This may look a little illegitimate, but it’s from Brecht’s *A Man’s A Man*—the Eric Bentley version. I was Mrs. Galy Gay, and I’m getting my Irish bath in my Irish rain barrel. . . .”

career would be the great, glowing plays — the Shakespeares, the Giraudoux’s, the Williams, the Brechts. I thought I would never again experience anything like being in *The Wall*, adapted by Millard Lampell from John Hershey’s novel about the uprising of the Polish Jews against Hitler.

The play wasn’t exactly full of easy cheer and after about four months it announced its closing. In the audience that night of the announcement was Mrs. Isaac Stern whose husband, the violinist, had just finished saving Carnegie Hall. I guess she figured it was her turn to save something that mattered, and much to our producer’s astonishment she began to save *The Wall*. When, through her, people began to hear of the play’s plight, mail began to pour into the producer’s office: “I am sending \$2.00 from my pension of \$34.00” kind of mail. Students who had been allowed inexpensive seats sent back 50 cents and dollars. For those of us who acted in it, it began to feel something like a

religious mission. As I said, I thought I would never again experience anything like it.

But soon afterwards I had to create the role of a maid. The play was slight and the maid was rather strange. Maggie was brash and nose-y and she wore hair curlers during the day. I tried to cover the curlers with a cap, but Darren McGavin, who had cast me in the play, told me to take off the cap. All the time I was embarrassed for this terrible maid, like being responsible for a bad mannered child and not knowing how to control it. Then one day when we were going to a movie in Falmouth, Massachusetts, I saw some native women with hair curlers blossoming forth unashamedly. And then I understood my maid. She had a great night in front of her, that's all. The day with its responsibilities was just a trifling journey toward the evening. Then everything else began to fall into focus. What I hadn't realized was that I had gotten ahold of one of those free spirits who still can swing through life by her own very personal antenna. Maggie wasn't

brash. She was helping people solve their problems and leading them toward sanity and perspective. She wasn't nose-y. She was gathering the facts she needed in order to help. And the large-sized basketball sneakers? Well, there was a corn and rather than limp through on a half-job basis, she wore those sneakers (her nephew's) so she could run through life with her usual dedication.

When the curtain came down on Maggie for the last time, I was very sad. She had been such fun to have around, and in the way she tackled life with love and energy and her own kind of dignity, I found in her some things I always want to remember. I have known some marvelous beings in the magic world of "If," but nobody will haunt me with more delight than Maggie.

Well, we'll hope, won't we, that your daughter hasn't yet changed too many characters into people. That's a heady happening to resist. And another thing — the provinces of this country used to be safely devoid of live theatre, so that even if a girl had talent, the neighbors would have to say, "You ought to go to Hollywood and be in movies." But now the theatre is becoming more decentralized and even the most isolated town is invaded by professional productions. So that now a girl is in danger of being told by the neighbors, "You ought to go on the stage in New York and be significant." So watch out for the neighbors.

BUT FINALLY, if your daughter dances to music — alone, and sings while washing dishes; if her heart quickens and wildness is in her eyes at 8 o'clock every evening when players walk through stage doors; if she can pay for fun by bearing guilt; if she is susceptible to significance and allergic to boredom; if you have seen her make characters into people; if she has seemed transfixed by the lone, raw light bulb that stands on an empty stage when the players and people have gone, then I hate to have to tell you the diagnosis, but your daughter is breeding fatal yearnings. You can use the techniques I've indicated and they'll work on most daughters, but every once in a while there will come one for whom truth is no dispeller of yearnings. You will not have to put this daughter on the stage, Missis Worthington. She will find it herself.



A Letter from a Paul in Rome

BY PAUL LESLIE GARBER

HOW the good news was carried from Jerusalem to Rome" is a way the composition of the Book of Acts has been described. Athens to Jerusalem and back to Rome, these cities and their lands on the eastern edges of the Mediterranean, which together form the geographical background of the New Testament, were areas of my investigations during the academic year 1963-1964. The previous year rounded out a full score years for me at Agnes Scott. It was with much regret that my family and I had to miss the College's seventy-fifth anniversary but, our careful, lengthy, calculated projections of the needs and wants of our five persons of different sizes and ages seemed to indicate that this was the year to undertake a joint program. With the approval of the College for a year's leave of absence and some financial help, Mrs. Garber and I took our life-savings and all our courage and attempted to realize the dreaming of a decade and more, a fifteen month tour of Europe and the Middle East with our three teenage sons, Leslie who became nineteen at Massada, David who had his seventeenth birthday at Abu Simbel and

Carter who ate his twelfth birthday cake in Vatican City. Through the school term I was to have opportunity to pursue in several American research centers a reading program on the cultural backgrounds of the New Testament and, as a family, we would visit archaeological sites relevant to my reading. The two summers we reserved for motoring and camping in Europe.

To economize on travel costs and to enable us to get to the more remote New Testament sites, we ordered "out of a catalog" a vehicle the British call a "motorized caravan," meaning a sedan-trailer body built on a small commercial chassis. By day it's a car. At night it becomes a trailer. It carries us and all our gear for fifteen months, sleeps five under a solid roof and has gas stove, water tank and sink. Mrs. Garber, two of our sons and I took delivery on the caravan in London in June 1963. Leslie chose to miss his graduation exercises at Druid Hills High School to meet an early sailing of a student ship with some of his school friends with whom he "hostelled" until he met us in August. The four of us had six weeks to tour England, Scotland

and Ireland as gradually we broke in the Morris motor. During August we crossed: France where at Besancon we weer briefly with *Frances Clark Calder* (Mrs. Wm. A.) ('51), Switzerland which we greatly enjoyed, charming little Lichtenstein, easy-going Austria with its incomparable Vienna and through communist (?) Yugoslavia to Greece.

The Lord blessed us in numerous ways, not the least of which has been freedom from accidents and our generally good health. All of us had to experience intestinal upsets in the Middle East at least once. For this we were prepared. We were not prepared for the two minor operations in Greece and the major surgical procedure Mrs. Garber had to have in Beirut. Her surgeon's mother was *Marie Henderson Bickers* who attended *Agnes Scott* in 1893 and 1894. Even more trying for Mrs. Garber was a stubborn and complicated internal infection which drained her energy before it was discovered; getting over it kept her out of things for about ten weeks. Help received at Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem put her on her feet again, and the riot of color of wild flowers on the Galilean hills at Eastertime gave her renewed zeal for traveling. The caravan has taken us through narrow ways and difficult places as well as rolling down wide motorways without stumbling or difficulty. Even the boys' clothing has held up with few needed replacements. Truly we have been blessed.

Athens to Jerusalem

For September-October we were located in a pension in Athens where I worked in the library of the American School of Classical Studies, a splendid facility. During those months on short excursions, several camping trips and an Aegean cruise, we saw much of both classical and Christian Greece and her islands. On the cruise ship we enjoyed seeing *Josephine Douglass Smith* (Mrs. Alden H.) ('25) and her husband from Nashville, Tenn. From Athens we moved overland more than 3,000 miles to Jerusalem, steadily and slowly, camping for nearly six weeks of "Indian summer" as we explored the present

day byways which in New Testament times were the main population centers in today's northern Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan. At Istanbul we spent a weekend with *Knox Jones* (x-62) who is finishing a missionary-math. teacher term at the American Girls' School. We also saw *Betsy Boatwright* ('62) who is teaching at the school of which until recently Dr. Catherine S. Sims was head.

Christmas in Bethlehem

At the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, Jordan, where we lived in the hostel, as at other places this year, I was able to introduce my family to places and people I had known on my previous two trips to Palestine. We were in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. Being on that particular night with shepherds and their flocks in fields outside Bethlehem and overlooking Jerusalem was an especially thrilling experience. Arab choirs sang familiar tunes with their own words. The Lord's Prayer was said in half a dozen languages. Under the brilliant stars the traditional words of scripture took on added meaning "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." The family of *Helen Salfiti Muna* ('58) was most kind to us; Helen who lives in Kuwait had her second child, a girl, in February. Before we left Jordan we had traveled from northern Taanach and Dothan to southern Petra and Aqaba (where "Lawrence of Arabia" was filmed).

Pope Paul made a history-making pilgrimage to Jordan and Israel the first of January. We observed the preparations made for him and for the Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox church. Before these dignitaries arrived, we were compelled by prior arrangements to proceed to Cairo where I was to work in the American University, the American Research Center and the Coptic Library. We had tried to "follow the sun" and were surprised by the penetrating, cold weather. We were really warm only during a southern Nile cruise from Aswan with its dam, to Abu Simbel, the much-discussed mortuary

temple of Ramses II. and back again to monumental Luxor. During that trip particularly, ancient Egyptian history and culture came alive for us. Later as we traveled across the Suez canal and the peninsula to Mt. Sinai and historic St. Catherine's monastery, then as we toured the Land of Goshen and, still later, the western Delta down to Alexandria, contemporary Egypt and its varied living conditions spoke significantly to us of life as it was known to Israel and the Jews in Egypt both under the Pharaohs and at later times.

When we came again to Jerusalem, Jordan, to resume touring in our own car, an unusual opportunity opened, to spend a day with archaeologists who were exploring the remote caves of Wadi Dalyeh. Here in one cave Samaritan scrolls of the fourth century B.C. were found with the food, dishes, clothing, and bones of people who escaped the attack of 333 B.C. by Alexander the Great on the city of Samaria only to be cornered and apparently suffocated by the fires the pursuing soldiers built in the mouth of the cave.

Holy Week in Galilee

When spring finally came, we were in Israel. I found much to do in the libraries of the Hebrew University and the Pontifical Biblical Institute, and also at the American Institute for Biblical Studies where our three boys had opportunity to learn pottery-mending by working on fifth century B.C. Persian-period sherds. Leslie and David spent two weeks helping with Dr. Yadin's exciting excavation of Massada, Herod's spectacular palace-fortress near the Dead Sea.

We spent Holy Week in Galilee. On the way we just missed *Miriam Inbar Rosenberg* (Spec. '57-'58) who lives in Holon, a suburb of Tel Aviv. James Smith, who with his wife *Betty Flanders* (x-'49) heads Baptist work in Nazareth, provided a memorable experience for us by inviting me to preach at the Easter sunrise service on the Sea of Galilee. The Smiths spent a recent furlough in Decatur. The service was held in the partially reconstructed synagogue of Caper-

(Continued on next page)



The Arch of Titus in the Roman Forum.



The Mount of Olives — Jerusalem.



The Garbers of the Acropolis in Athens.

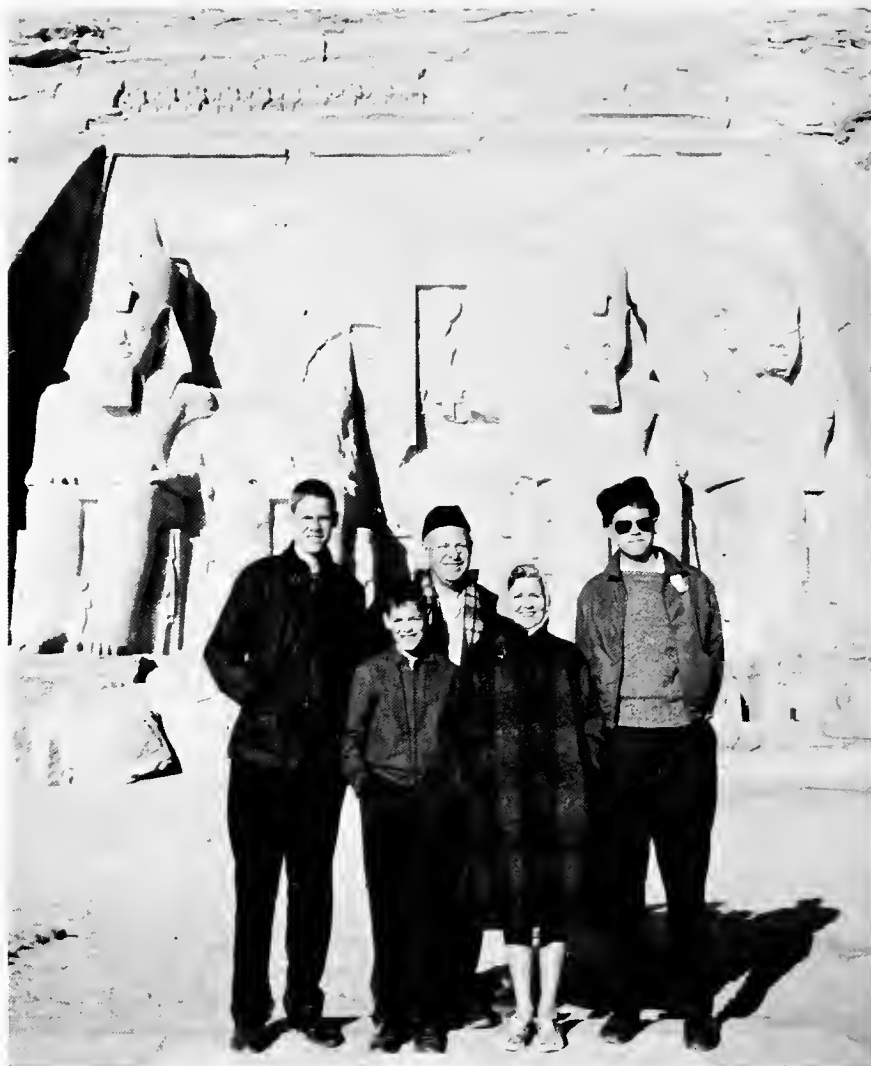
A Letter from a Paul in Rome

(Continued)

naum which occupies the site of the place Jesus knew. The choir was led by a Presbyterian Korean layman. The setting and the scripture (John 21) gave the message. We spent Easter day along the shores of the lake, reading the scriptures, enraptured by the spell of the time and place. While in Galilee we went to the kibbutz Maayan Barch where *Evelyn Elkon Bauman* (x'46) lives. She has two children and uses her Hebrew name, Chava Banai.

Our journey to Rome was by ship from Haifa, stopping at Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens, to Venice and thence *via* the "Romeo and Juliet" country (Padua and Verona) and St. Francis' Assisi. Rome has been called the "eternal" city at several periods in her history with consequently different meanings given to the word. By my study at the American Academy, the Waldensian Theological Faculty, and the Pontifical Biblical Institute, and by our sightseeing, details in our picture of ancient history have been added which are especially helpful to my studies of the significant share Rome played in the earliest history of the Christian movement. The far-reaching and positive contributions of the Second Vatican Council to interchurch relations have opened new possibilities for

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Paul Leslie Garber, professor of Bible, holds the B.A. degree from the College of Wooster, the B.D. and Th.M. degrees from Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, and the Ph.D. from Duke University. He has devoted years to research in Old Testament lands and constructed a model of Salaman's Temple which is unique. Now he has traveled and studied for fifteen months to steep himself in studies and sites of the New Testatment world.



On David's seventeenth birthday, January 26, the Garbers were in upper Egypt and posed for this photograph at Abu Simbel.

work by a Bible student in Rome. We leave with the feeling of much being left yet undone, a feeling which, as a matter of fact, has been mine as we have taken our leave from each place where we have spent some time.

This letter-report has been made informal and brief. It could be expanded many-fold by anecdotes of amusing, exciting, irritating and embarrassing episodes. I wish I might tell of the American Protestant church people abroad who extended friendship and help when sometimes we greatly needed it, of academic folk in many lands to whose interest and concern an introduction as a "professor" is an effective key, and of Americans abroad whose attitudes and activities as we observed them

are far from what has been tagged "ugly." However I will add only this simple but deeply felt conviction. The time-honored academic scheme of sabbaticals for teachers is good for both teachers and schools. We have met high school teachers from New England, the Middle West, and California who were traveling for the year on full salary. I hope Agnes Scott may speedily come to the position President Alston hopes for when sabbatical opportunities can be made widely available to members of the Faculty whose dedication and teaching skills, it is acknowledged, have constituted a major factor in the honored academic status the College has attained, and which rightly has been recognized in this her 75th year.

Freshmen Follow in Mothers' Footsteps



LIKE MOTHER USED TO DO



Susan and her roommate, Carol Thamas from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, unpacked in Inman dormitory.

Mary Louise (Mrs. Frank A. Philips) and Susan look much alike as these pictures prove.



Mary Louise Duffee graduated in 1944.

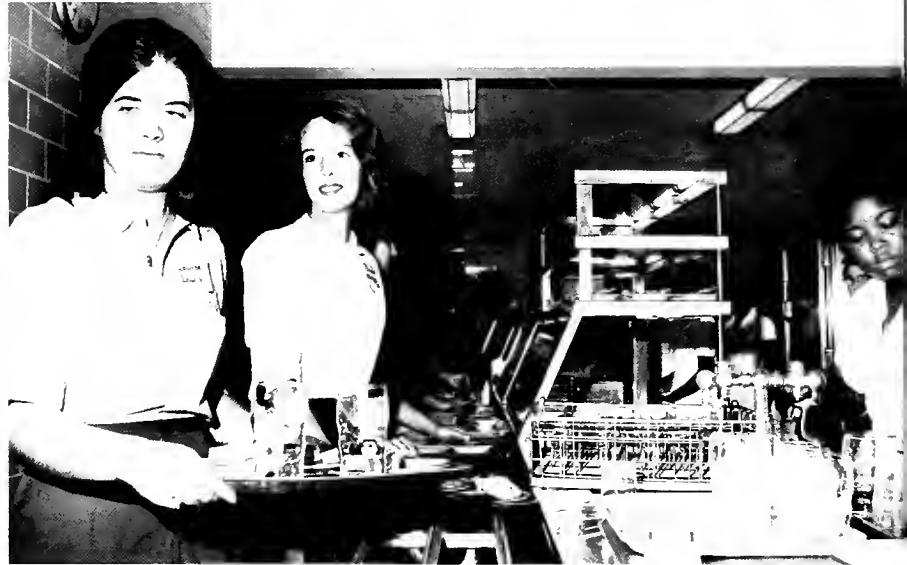


Susan registered at Agnes Scott in 1964.

IN the next few pages we follow Susan Duffee through her first days as an Agnes Scott student. Although many changes have been made since "Mother" came to college, Susan finds that the essentials have remained the same as she begins to make new friends, to explore new intellectual and spiritual paths, to become a part of all that is Agnes Scott.

The class of '68 is the largest in the history of the college. Of the 222 freshmen, 22 are daughters of alumnae. 16 are sisters of present students or alumnae. Twenty per cent were admitted on the Early Decision Plan. There are 3 National Merit Scholars and one General Motors Scholar in the class. One of the Merit Scholars in among the 121 Presidential Scholars in the nation.

(Continued on next page)



The delicious food in the dining hall was welcome after a long morning of orientation. Susan had lunch with Louise Lewis, a senior from Monroe, Georgia.

LIKE MOTHER USED TO DO *continued*

Vespers in the amphitheatre brought a busy day to a satisfying close.



After lunch, Susan stopped to share a laugh with a new friend.



Watson's Drugstore is a favorite place of students as Susan, Candy Hedges (1.) and Sarah Baykin (daughter of Sarah Lewis Baykin X-'40) soon learned.

Books and supplies all purchased, a tired and happy freshman reads that first letter from home.





DEATHS

Faculty

Irene Leftwich Harris (Mrs. Robert Olin), instructor in music, September 4.

Institute

Carrie Brown, sister of Myrtice Sue Brown, October 10.

Love Haygood Donaldson (Mrs. Will), summer 1964.

Grace Hollis Lowrance (Mrs. Robert S.), mother of Isabel Lowrance Brooksher '34, and grandmother of D'Nenn Lowrance Moore '63, September 30.

Mary Pate, in July.

Teresa Somerville Price (Mrs. Relbue), May 22.

Academy

Mai Horine Carlock (Mrs. Floyd D.), sister of Laurence Horine Philippe, Academy, July 3.

Walter L. Haynie, husband of Eudora Campbell Haynie, March 14.

Frank Ford, husband of Amanda Taylor Ford, summer 1964.

Marguerite Minter Privett (Mrs. W. C.), spring 1964, in an automobile accident.

1907

Bessie Rea Walker (Mrs. George B.), May 21.

1914

Helen Louise Speer Miles (Mrs. George Holland), January 15, 1963.

Lidie Torrye Minter, spring 1964, in an automobile accident.

1915

Rundle Smith, husband of Cherry Barnes Smith, April 3, 1963, of a heart attack.

1917

Virginia Scott Puges (Mrs. James), April 28.

1920

Alice Cooper Bell (Mrs. Charles), sister of Cornelia Cooper '12, Laura Cooper Christopher '16, and Belle Cooper '18, in late August.

1921

Dr. Charles Morton Hanna, husband of Margaret Bell Hanna, June 7, of a heart attack.

1922

Alice Louise Travis Aiken (Mrs. William White), April 20.

1924

Marion Louise Hendrix Buchanan (Mrs. Thad M.), Sept. 5.

1925

Clyde Passmore Dyson (Mrs. Jahn), May 3.

Louise Thomasson Taylor (Mrs. William C.), August 6.

1926

Mrs. D. A. Shaw, mother of Elizabeth Shaw McClamroch, Mamie Shaw Flack '27, and Jeanette Shaw Harp '31, in March.

1927

Mary Davis Johnson (Mrs. J. Fred, Jr.), in June.

1928

Captain John P. German, U.S.C.G., husband of Lila Porcher German, June, 1963.

Dr. Jesse Cox Ellington, husband of Elizabeth Rontk Ellington, October 8, 1963.

Charles H. Girardeau, brother of Louise Girardeau Cook, June 14.

Mr. E. H. Kulmon, brother of Hilda Kalmon Slager and Kathryn Kalmon Nussbaum, in April.

Ruth Evans Masengill Wiley (Mrs. John Fain), July 17, following a brief illness.

1931

Caroline Jones Johnson's sixteen year old son, summer 1964.

Mary Winter Wright (Mrs. Charles P.), sister of Roberta Winter '27, June 5.

1936

Maxine Crisler Johnston (Mrs. Charles L.), August 8.

1943

Sara Burke Addison, daughter of Dorothy Holloran Addison, October 1.

1947

John Charles Cross, 2½ year old son of Jane Cooke Cross, June 12.

Dr. Herbert Newman, father of Alice Newman Johnson, spring 1964.

1950

Mr. and Mrs. James Mullen Goode, parents of Julia Goode, in an automobile accident, September 1964.

1952

J. Wright Brown, father of Barbara Brown Waddell and Judy Brown '56, September 30.

1962

Mrs. John W. Hughston, mother of Beth Hughston Carter, in September.

John Smith, brother of Margaret Annette Smith, in an automobile accident, July 22.

1963

Charles F. Abernethy, father of Nancy Faye Abernethy, in July.

1964

Linda Ann Griffin Smith (Mrs. Robert), September 28.

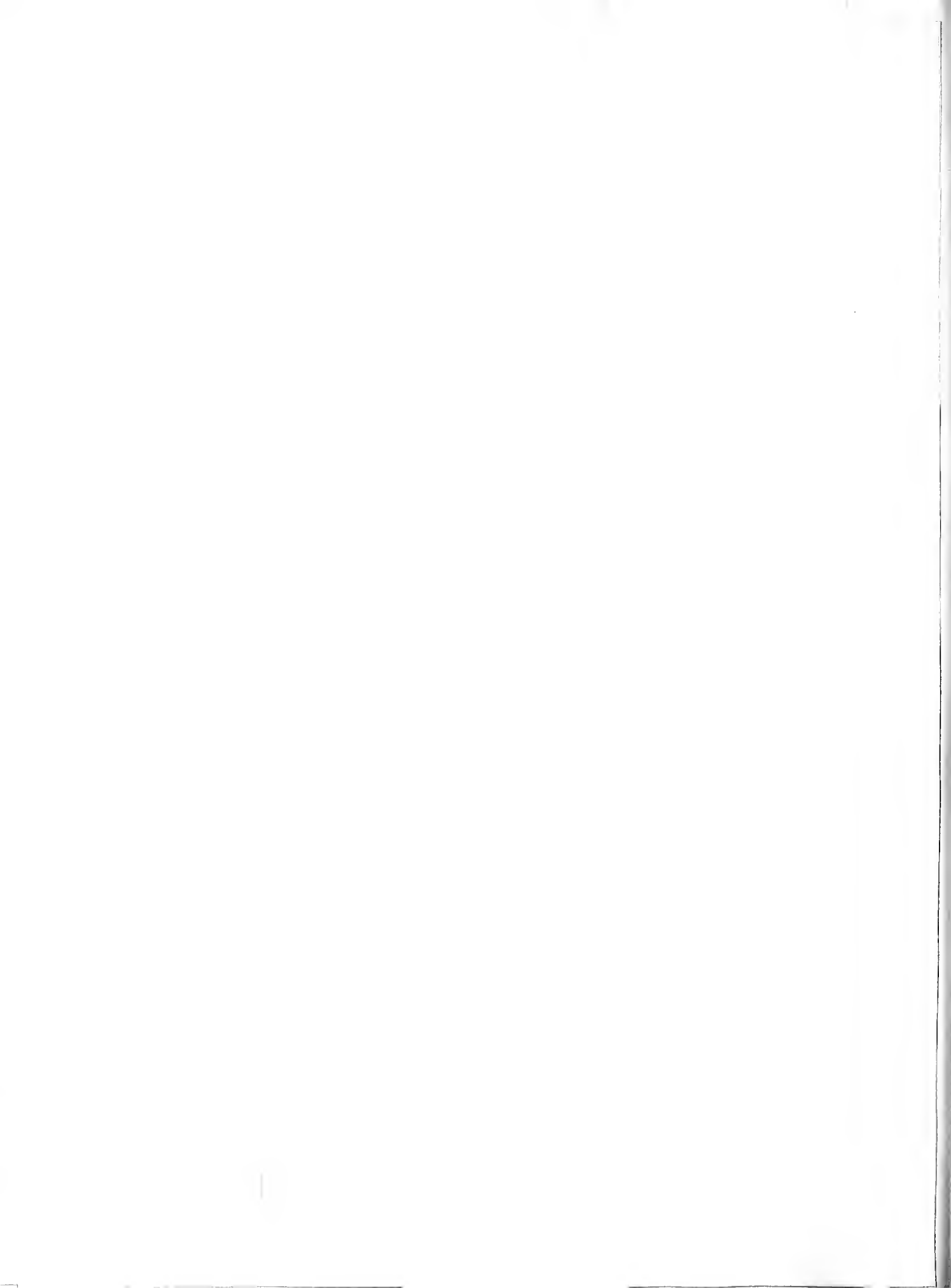
E. R. Hall, father of Virginia Mae Hall, in August.

W. Holt Wooddell, father of Jane Wooddell, in July.



Poet Archibald MacLeish, three times Pulitzer Prize winner, lectured at Agnes Scott this fall. Backstage after his address he talks with Jean Jarret (l), Blaine Garrison (c) and Lynn Maxwell.

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Worthy Notes...

Renovations on Campus are Rampant

ONE SEPTEMBER MONDAY morn became suddenly bright for me when I received an envelope addressed to the Alumnae Office, postmarked Decatur, Georgia, containing a witty bit of verse—signed "Can't sign my name!"

TOO MUCH SMILING?

Methinks there's too much smiling on Alunnae Day at Agnes Scott.

Could it be they're all pretending that things are as they're not?

Can their houses really be so big, and hubby's love so hot?

Or am I the only weebegotten fraud amongst the lot?

Of all the reams of words being printed today about the changing image of women, these do a better job of honest communication than most. As an editor, I must say that I regret the author's anonymity, but here are my public thanks to her. Any replies or rebuttals from any of you? I'll give you a quote from Pearl Buck to start you thinking. She says "Now is the time for all good men and women."

This cheerful note started my new year on the campus. The summer was not only long and hot but also full of ambitious activity for us. The College renovated the Alumnae House from top to bottom, including the Alumnae Office. I have written before in these columns about the unexpected and often alien demands my work as director of alumnae affairs entails. Last summer I became a variety of instant interior decorator, and I now have fresh respect for the real, percolator, professional person in this field.

But having lived through and with the constant procession of carpenters, plumbers, painters, electricians, and all their helpers, I can rejoice in new quarters—even a new desk helps. (I'll admit that when the carpenters came that first July day and applied a buzz saw to the floor under my old desk, I did run to the mountains for a week.) Also, I take great pleasure in announcing the appointment of two new members on my staff. Mrs. Milton Levy is managing the Alumnae House, and Mrs. Roger Gallion is secretary in the Alumnae Office.

So, we welcomed change and were, thankfully, ready to welcome the 76th session of Agnes Scott College which is bringing changes of a different sort as each new academic year inevitably does. This year the largest student

body in the College's history is enrolled. There are 723 students including 222 freshmen of whom 10 per cent, or 22, are daughters of alumnae. (See granddaughter's listing, p. 18, and picture story, pp. 13-15.)

There are over one hundred alumnae in the greater Atlanta area who are serving this year as "alumnae sponsors" for freshmen boarding students. With the help of Mollie Merrick '57, assistant to the dean of students, we assigned two freshmen, roommates, to an alumna. The alumna came to the campus to meet their freshmen informally on Oct. 26, and since then have provided all kinds of splendid occasions for new students—a meal, perhaps a whole week end in the alumna's home, a shopping expedition, or an opportunity to see and hear concerts, theater, and art exhibitions in Atlanta. Both freshmen and alumnae are responding splendidly to this new program, and I predict it will become a permanent part of the Alumnae Association's efforts to invigorate relationships within the various groups of individuals comprising the college community.

Another effort is the program of continuing education for alumnae and their husbands provided by faculty members. This fall we are presenting three courses of lectures, and another series is planned for late winter. More than one hundred "students" are registered in the fall series. They have to choose among "Introduction to James Joyce," given by Eleanor N. Hutchens '40, associate professor of English; "The Cultural Background of Modern Turkey," given by Catherine S. Sims, professor of history and political science; and "The Page and the Pick: a Practicum in the Contributions Archaeology Makes to Bible Study," by Paul L. Garber, professor of Bible. The comment from alumnae about this series is not a criticism but a lament (the same kind I hear regarding the faculty lectures on Alumnae Week End), a cry of woe that one must choose rather than be involved in all three courses.

A new kind of involvement for students and faculty this year is the privilege of having two distinguished scholars on campus for an entire academic quarter. This fall, Theodore M. Greene is visiting professor of philosophy, and during the winter quarter George A. Buttrick will be visiting professor of Bible.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

Library
Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Ga.



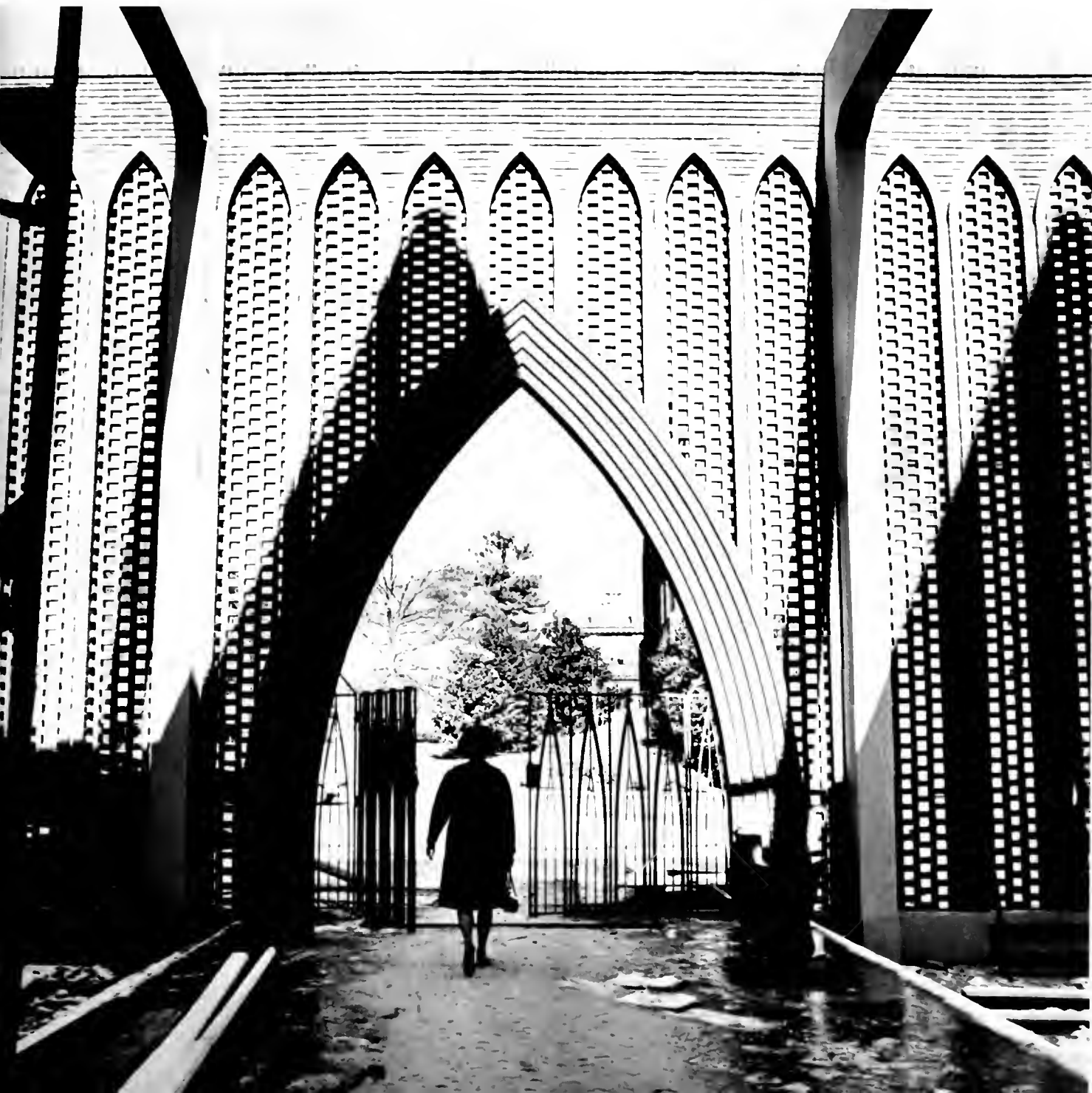
Beautiful weather this fall has kept construction of the Charles E. Dana Fine Arts Building right on schedule. The new building will be finished in January.

AGNES
SCOTT

Iron Curtain Story

THE

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY WINTER 1965





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FRONT COVER

Dana Fine Arts Building

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Alumnae Sponsors

WINTER 1965

Alumna Sponsor Gene Slack Morse '41 meets her freshman sponsorees, and they begin to establish a relationship which can ripen into friendship for students and alumnae.



Africans Behind The Iron Curtain

By Celia Spiro Aidinoff '51

THE craving for higher education among young people in the new African nations transcends all reason and ideology, and education is the most sought-after and desired asset in Africa today. The lure of a university degree, any degree, has prompted many students to seize the only opportunity open to them: study in a Communist country.

To capitalize on this apparent eagerness on the part of the Africans, the Communist bloc has devised an elaborate, costly and complicated system of recruitment; and, as a result, there has been a sizable growth in the past two years in the number

of foreign students at eastern European universities.

The Communist scholarship program for Africans began in earnest in 1960. Even though their general scholarship program dates back to the early 1950's, students were then only recruited from Communist Korea and North Vietnam. Slowly the emphasis shifted in the mid-fifties to near and middle eastern students; and in 1960 attention again shifted, this time to the Africans. (Today there is a special stress on Cubans and Latin Americans.) Before 1960 there were not more than 6,000 to 8,000 students from developing countries behind the Iron Curtain; last year the number had reached 18,500. The students were divided with approximately 8,000 in the Soviet Union; 3,000 in Communist China; 2,200 reported from Czechoslovakia; 2,000 from East Germany; 1,300 in Poland; 1,000 in Hungary; and Bulgaria and Rumania had 500 each.

Four basic methods are used to find students for

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: After Agnes Scott, "Cissie" was press representative of the Pakistan Mission to the United Nations, editor of Near East Magazine, and coordinator of publications for the Institute of International Education. Her husband, Bernie, is an attorney in New York City, and they have a son and a daughter. Cissie is currently Vice-President of the Alumnae Association.

the scholarships: 1) through cultural agreements between individual Bloc countries and the developing countries; 2) through Communist or Communist-front student and youth organizations; 3) using the contacts of east-bloc diplomats; and 4) by returning foreign students (already "politically reliable" in the Eastern Bloc). Some of the African students are selected through Communist and pro-Communist organizations such as the World Federation of Trade Unions, The World Association of Democratic Youth in Budapest, and the International Union of Students in Prague. They establish contact at international conferences and congresses with national organizations in the developing countries and then work together to select the "proper" students.

It is also common for students to cross their national borders, without any papers, and then be sent on to the Communist countries. A student might not know where he is going until he reaches his final destination. According to Kenneth Holland, president of the Institute of International Education, there are two well-known routes: to the Sudanese border, then on to Khartoum, to Cairo and then behind the Iron Curtain—destination unknown; or first to Venezuela and on to Mexico, from Mexico to Cuba, and then on behind the Iron Curtain.

But what happens to these students when they get behind the Curtain?

Insults and Violence

When the first large group of Africans arrived in Bulgaria, they were shocked at the controls and resented being handled, in effect, like children. Living conditions were not good; they were unhappily cramped into small 14 by 9 foot enclaves four to a room, and the cold European winter caught the students in their tropical weight clothing. Of the £24 living allowance, £18 went for board and the remainder for books and incidentals; there was no money left for heavy clothing. (Eventually, their home government gave the Ghanaian students an extra living allowance of £10.)

The Bulgarian authorities refused to listen to

the students' problems; and although the students seemed to be scrounging on this living allowance of only £24 a month, by Bulgarian standards they were being well kept. The Bulgarian students resented the comparatively high living of the African students; conflicts developed, and harassment of the Africans began. African boys were spat upon from buses or trains; students walking along the streets heard not infrequently names such as "black monkeys" and "jungle people." An ugly and violent incident occurred when six of the Ghanaian students were preyed upon by a few dozen Bulgarian youths in a student restaurant. One of the students was dancing with a girl when a soldier walked over to them and asked the girl, "Aren't you ashamed to dance with a black monkey?" The student left the girl, and as he sat down another Bulgarian pulled the chair from under him. He toppled to the floor and a furious free-for-all began. The police were called and came, but they just watched the fight and took no action.

Education or Politics?

Faced with this lack of police protection and inadequate living conditions, the students took decisive steps to defend their interests. But to maintain strict control over the students, the Bulgarian government had been using a "divide and rule" principle, dealing with the students only by nationalities. There had been an active Ghanaian Student Union, an Ethiopian Association and others, but never an autonomous, strong, and centralized group. "We had gone to Bulgaria to study, not to engage in politics," Robert Kotey, secretary of the Ghanaian Student Union says. That is why we resisted "the formation of an All-African organization for fear that it might become involved in politics." But survival became more important, and the All-African Students' Union (AASU) had to be organized. At first the Bulgarian government ignored the students' request to have the AASU recognized; and, eventually, after several requests, official permission to form the union was denied. Tetteh Tawiah, the president-elect of AASU, was expelled from the University when the Minister of

(Continued on next page)

Africans Behind The Iron Curtain

(Continued)

Education declared that the Union was against the "principles" of Bulgaria.

Early in 1963 real trouble began. Tawiah was given 12 hours to leave the country—he was an agitator. As the news spread, 150 Africans marched to the Prime Minister's house. The Prime Minister never saw them; instead a member of the *Komsomol* (the Young Communist League) told them to return to their hostel and officials would see them on Monday. Later in the afternoon the Sofia police commissioner informed the students that the type of "demonstration" they conducted was illegal. After the meeting with the police commissioner, the Monday confrontation became futile.

Friendship University

At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, 100 policemen quietly surrounded the hostel and at gun point arrested several AASU leaders. "Friends had warned us that the police might attempt to arrest our leaders," Kotey said, and Tawiah hid in another's room and was not found. Two hundred African students packed their baggage and marched down Lenin Street through a heavy snowfall toward the Ministry of Education. A brigade of jeeps with some 700 armed militia appeared and circled around the marchers. Kotey, who was in the thick of it, described what happened: "The policemen poured from the jeeps, and all traffic came to a halt. The police were soon joined by civilians who came down from the halted buses. Together they began attacking us indiscriminately, beating and slapping the boys. One Togolese girl was hit so hard on the face that she bled from her nose and mouth, and many other students were injured, some of them seriously." The police started herding the students into waiting police vans. In the excitement, a civilian informer pointed out Tawiah, and as the police charged him, the students clustered around him. "It was only by brutally breaking their way through a solid human wall," Kotey declares, "that the police were able to take him."

Most of the students were released later in the day. The Ghanaian ambassador to Bulgaria, along with a new student delegation, negotiated with the government, and exit visas were issued.

Later in the winter, six Ethiopians left Czechoslovakia after studying veterinary medicine in Brno for less than a year. They said their studies had consisted mainly of Communist indoctrination and manual work in a factory. In Prague, there were two brawls during which African students were beaten by Czech youths. During the first brawl, an African student and a middle eastern student were attacked by a crowd of 300 young Czechs at noon on Saturday in Wenceslas Square—the center of Prague. The police, although present, did not interfere. Later that day, two African students were beaten by three Czechs when a remark they made to some Cuban students about the Soviet Union was overheard by the Czechs.

In the Soviet Union itself, the "Larissa Affair" in the summer of 1963 proved that all was not well with the approximately 2,000 African students at Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow. Established in 1960, Friendship University was specially organized for students from underdeveloped areas. (The University has two main objectives: to teach Communist ideology and techniques to students from Asia, Africa, and the middle east, and to keep these students separate from the Soviet and satellite students at the Soviet universities.) Recently, many African students in Moscow have been complaining to their embassies about inadequate living conditions, attempted Communist indoctrination, and racial discrimination. Most of the racial incidents involved Africans who dated Soviet girls and were subjected to public abuse.

The Larissa Affair

Soviet government attempts to discourage African-Soviet social relationships were climaxed by an article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the paper of the Young Communist League, telling of a young girl named Larissa who met a foreign student, Mahmoud, at a party, married him, and returned with him to his country. She was then sold into a harem,



Wide World Photo

African students demonstrated in Moscow, Dec. 18, 1963, to protest what they claimed to be the "stabbing to death" of a Ghanaian student. They carried a wreath surrounding a picture of the dead student. The banner reads "Friends today, devils tomorrow." The Soviet government claimed the student froze to death on a Moscow street.

and her sordid story was printed in the student paper. It soon became apparent that the editors had made up the story (as a warning to Soviet girls!). African students at Friendship University put on mass demonstrations and demanded a retraction.

The Africans' experiences in Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and in the Soviet Union itself clearly indicate that the Communists are not willing merely to "educate" foreign students. At the very least, the foreign student under east-bloc scholarship must compromise himself politically or otherwise be hampered in the pursuit of his studies. But, unfortunately, the longer the student stays, the greater his investment in getting a degree, and the more difficult it is for him to resist the always increasing pressure to put himself publicly in the Communist camp.

According to a study by the Association of German Student Unions (*Deutscher Bundesstudentenring*), which has helped 177 African students who have fled from Communist countries during the past two years, foreign students in Soviet bloc countries are permitted to complete their courses only if they appear "won over to the Communist system." Based on interviews with students, the German report says: 1) political indoctrination cannot be avoided as it is incorporated in the general studies; 2) students are closely observed and rated on their "political reliability," which determines whether they will be allowed to finish their university work; and 3) students are relentlessly pressured to involve themselves in Com-

munist activities, thus making the students aware that they would be unable to take an independent political position later.

Economic pressure also plays a part in the indoctrination process, according to the report. "Scholarship allowances of the east-bloc are closely calculated. These, however, may be raised by premiums of 'efficiency scholarships.' An 'efficiency scholarship' allowance is only awarded to those who become politically active. The writing of articles or radio comments is described as profitable extra work to students from developing countries. . . . In this way the students become entangled with the Communist system."

Political indoctrination usually starts soon after arrival in the east-bloc country. Just when this indirect method is turned into political pressure "is determined from case to case. The language courses use textbooks with politically tinted content . . . individual subjects in the upper grade of the language courses are interpreted according to the theory of Marxism-Leninism." Although mandatory study of such politically-loaded subjects as sociology and political economy has been dropped "for psychological reasons," participation in these lectures is enforced by indirect pressure. If the student is obstinate, he can expect "bad ratings in his periodic examinations which may force him out of his studies."

Throughout their studies the students are carefully scrutinized by students of the host country who are appointed "counselors."

Africans Behind The Iron Curtain

(Continued)

At most, the African students have completed only two years or less of courses lasting five or six years. Therefore, it is too early for these students to know the full pressure. The practice does not seem to be to insist immediately that students attend political lectures and other direct political indoctrination activities. But later, when the student is deeply involved in his studies and less prepared psychologically to leave, the pressure is applied. And then it gradually becomes clear that a commitment to Communism is the unavoidable price for the much-desired university degree.

“A report on the success of political indoctrination efforts,” the student union study says, must be submitted by the counselors to determine those students who are to complete their education. “Those students are disqualified who could not be won over to the idea of world Communism, as well as those who have not made the grade because of poor class work or character.”

Police State

What makes a student who has received a scholarship from a Communist country suddenly pack up and leave? There is no single answer to this question, although political pressure is usually considered the biggest problem. Typical comments from Africans who have left Communist universities include: “They wanted to make us Communist spies.” “We are to become propagandists.” “It is not really safe to be absent from certain political meetings.” “You are forced to become a Communist.” “Too much political pressure is exerted on the students.”

Other problems are mentioned. A frequent complaint is the sub-standard living conditions. Most students find the economic situation a total contrast to what they had been led to expect, and some say conditions are much better at home. But the most important problem, as in Sofia, is the lack of personal freedom. The students find particularly galling the spying by pro-Communists among them,

the opening of their mail, surveillance by the police and Young Communist League (*Komsomol*) activists, and the general restriction of their movements. The degree of freedom which the students had at home contrasted with their experiences in the Communist bloc. “Aside from the fear many of them experienced one time or another when they felt the pressure of a police-state,” says a worker with the Social Services Branch of the German Student Unions, “many of them were shocked at the controls they experienced.”

A Liberian engineering student who was expelled from Friendship University in Moscow after two and a half years' study, reported several incidents in which Africans were beaten, particularly by *Komsomols*. But he got a measure of satisfaction when he argued with Russians—a practice which he thinks led to his expulsion.

What Next?

Increasing numbers of African students in Iron Curtain countries are applying at western embassies for scholarship aid; and the U.S. Embassy in Moscow has been receiving and forwarding letters requesting information on scholarships from African students who want to finish their studies in the United States. After the Bulgarian exodus, Waldemar Nielsen, president of the African-American Institute, said that the lamps are burning late at the education ministries in eastern Europe to see that these incidents do not take place again. In this, as in other areas, the Communists have already made too great an investment to let the students get out of hand. The effects of the demonstrations on the students and on the people at home cannot be treated lightly; and the Communists cannot allow the Communist wooing of Africa to be marred by these events. At a time when the United States is being embarrassed internationally by racial discrimination, the Soviet Union and its satellites will want to do all it can to win more young, black friends. Taking more students to eastern Europe doesn't seem to be the answer, so one can only wonder what the new Soviet leaders will do to convert African students to the Communist way of life.

Alumnae and Freshmen Form Friendships

THE Alumnae Sponsor Program was begun at Agnes Scott in 1963 as an effort to create more meaningful relationships between alumnae and students. One hundred alumnae in the Atlanta area were asked to be sponsors — each alumna sponsored a pair of freshman roommates.

Response to the new program was overwhelmingly good. It was hard to tell who was having the most fun — the alumnae or the freshmen. Alumnae took students to trains and planes when vacation times came, had their freshmen out to dinner, took them to movies and concerts and church. Sometimes a sponsor would just drop by the campus and leave a note and a box of cookies in her freshmen's room. The students volunteered their services as baby sitters and asked their sponsors out to the campus to enjoy Glee Club concerts, plays, and chapel programs.

Last spring alumnae and freshmen were asked to evaluate the program's first year. We learned that many lasting friendships had been made — and we were heartened to know that even the people who did not quite "hit it off" (there were bound to be a few of those) thought the program an excellent idea and offered splendid suggestions for ways to improve it.

During the summer months we worked closely with the Dean of Students office, and hours of planning, matching, letter-writing, telephoning, and crossing-fingers culminated in the initial meeting of alumnae and the class of 1968 one bright October morning on the campus. The pictures on this page were taken when the alumnae came out to meet their new sponsorees — you can see from the smiles that it was a pleasant experience indeed! All reports indicate that the program is working even better this year; and we are very hopeful that it will become an integral part of campus life.

Kitty Daniel Spicer '37 is the sponsor for Laura Worlick of Cartersville, Ga. (standing) and Lucy Hamilton from Lancaster, S.C.



Sarah Frances McDonald '36 is alumna sponsor for Margaret Long of Forrest City, Ala. (center) and Mornie Henson of Huntsville, Ala. (right).



Mory Beth Epes (left) from Lynchburg, Va. and Lee Smith from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. are Winnie Strazier Hoover's '52 freshmen sponsorees.



Alienation



ALIENATION has become a familiar, almost fashionable, concept. It signals our contemporary Western spiritual predicament — our characteristic *Weltschmerz*, our feeling that things are not what they should be, that there is something profoundly wrong with our society, and that we, personally, are in an unhappy, perhaps even a tragic, fix. This is the central theme of Existentialism, the most dynamic literary-philosophical-cultural movement of our time. It is a basic concern of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, who are sometimes called alienists. But, more significantly, the term “alienation” signifies a state of mind and being which is not restricted to sophisticated or academic circles but is to be found in many of our “normal” high school and college students, and in many of their equally “normal” parents who may never have heard of Existentialism or, indeed, of alienation. It is this rather vague concept and this widespread modern phenomenon that I would like to discuss.

How, first of all, might alienation be defined? I should define it as a deplorable separation of what might and should be joined. Alienation is the human predicament of being estranged, divorced, cut off from something. But from what? From something with which we should in fact be

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Theodore M. Greene was professor of philosophy at Agnes Scott this fall, the first visiting professor to spend a full quarter on campus. He made the 1964 Honor's Day address from notes this article contains. As an educator, philosopher, author and lecturer, he is known internationally, and we are pleased that he and his wife are now settled permanently in Decatur. Alumnae will enjoy reading his book *Moral Aesthetic and Religion Insight* (1958).

Spurious and Authentic

by THEODORE M. GREENE

united, to which we should be affirmatively and beneficially related. Alienation is, therefore, an unwelcome, an unhappy, a deplorable separation, estrangement, or divorce. It is a failure to achieve or maintain a needed community; it is a failure to achieve, or a lapse from, or a breakdown of, a healthy rapport or union.

Since the only type of alienation which we are here considering is human alienation, the being who is thus alienated is man. My definition of alienation presupposes, therefore, a certain conception of man, and a corresponding conception of whatever there is within him or outside of him with which he could and should be united and from which he is or may be unhappily cut off. Any clear notion of alienation must rest upon an equally clear notion of human nature and of man's total significant environment.

For example, we can be unhappily alienated from our fellowmen only if it is possible and desirable for us to be meaningfully related to them. If we can presume that a vital and refreshing bond can and should exist between husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, man and his fellowmen, we can then meaningfully conceive of, and deplore, matrimonial or parental alienation, or the failure of a friendship,

or the absence of universal bonds of human sympathy. Only if we conceive of the self as a being capable of inner harmony and peace can we conceive of, and deprecate, a state of inner alienation in which one is at odds with one's self—a person with a bad conscience, someone who lacks self respect.

Our sense of alienation, then, will reflect our understanding of human nature and of man's total environment—the world of nature, mankind taken both individually and collectively, and whatever ultimate mystery there may be in the universe which men commonly call God. And since men differ, particularly in a free society, in their estimates of all these components of the human situation, their judgment as to the presence or absence of alienation will vary accordingly. What I regard as tragic alienation, you may regard as normal and, perhaps, desirable independence. What you protest, I may accept; what I deprecate, you may well approve.

A few illustrations should make this clear. Albert Camus, the French Existentialist, was an anguished atheist who bitterly deplored man's unhappy fate in having to live in a Godless universe. The later Bertrand Russell, in contrast, gives every indication of being a reconciled, if not a happy, atheist. Neither man believes

in God, but their reading of human nature differs sharply: Camus is convinced that man needs and hungers for God, whereas Russell, the confident humanist, believes that man is basically self-sufficient and better off on his own.

Men differ, similarly, as regards man's relation to nature. Socrates was an incorrigible urbanite with no apparent impulse to enjoy or commune with nature, unlike, say, the romantic Fenimore Cooper or a contemplative Chinese sage. Socrates did, however, believe profoundly in what he refers to as "the gods or god," and in an ultimate principle of justice in the universe to which the human soul can and should be attuned, and from which it can be and often is alienated.

Or, as one more illustration, Thoreau of Walden and Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt would certainly have very different notions of social harmony and social alienation. What Thoreau welcomed as restful and refreshing solitude, Babbitt and his kind would hate as unbearable loneliness: the togetherness which the Babbitts crave is anathema to the reflective individualist.

This brings us to the important distinction between two different types of alienation which, for convenience, I shall label "spurious" and

(Continued on next page)

Alienation (Continued)

“authentic.” By “authentic” alienation I mean a *real* separation or divorce of what *in fact* can and should be united. Such alienation is therefore really deplorable and often really tragic. By “spurious” alienation I mean an alienation which rests, at least in part, on a misconception of the relevant situation and which is, at least in principle, unnecessary and open to alleviation or correction. This is not, as we shall see, an absolute distinction, nor is it free from serious ambiguities, but it is, nonetheless, often applicable and useful.

Authentic Alienation

The distinction between “authentic” and “spurious” alienation is an application of the familiar distinction between reality and appearance, between what *is* in fact the case and what, more or less mistakenly, *seems* to be the case. What I am claiming is that our *sense* of alienation may be more or less well founded or ill founded, and that our laments may therefore be more or less justified or unjustified. The alienation we *feel* and which, no doubt, is actual in some degree, may not be as profound, as lasting, or as inevitable as we believe it is. If this is so, our alienation is, to this extent, “spurious.” But, alternatively, we may, *in fact* be profoundly alienated from some crucial part or aspect of our total environment or from a basic part of ourselves without being aware of it, or with only a dim and fleeting awareness. This is what I would call “authentic” alienation. So defined, “authentic” alienation is, of course, far more serious and tragic than “spurious” alienation, though the latter is certainly important and worthy of our attention and concern.

Let me try to illustrate what I mean by “spurious” alienation. Take the case of a discerning parent who realizes that adolescence is a difficult period of readjustment during which the adolescent is impelled to achieve greater independence from his parents and greater self-sufficiency. The best efforts of such a parent may fail

“Alienation is a deplorable separation of what might and should be joined.”

to keep a son or daughter from resenting the parent and from feeling alienated from him. This is a good example of what might be called one-way or partial alienation. The father’s hand remains outstretched and understanding, but the son misjudges him and, no doubt also himself. The son’s *sense* of alienation is, of course, psychologically real; indeed, his sense of alienation does reflect a certain degree of *actual* alienation. But the latter is due to the son’s misreading of his father and is, therefore, in principle at least, subject to correction. The son’s complaints, while they may be quite sincere, are thus objectively unjustified; he is not being treated as badly as he imagines himself to be. His alienation from his father is, in this sense and to this degree, “spurious.”

Spurious Alienation

A similar case of “spurious” alienation might easily arise between father and son because of the father’s parental possessiveness and blindness, and despite the son’s comparative understanding and maturity. In such a situation it is the father who misjudges the son, or who tries to keep him indefinitely under close parental control, when in fact the son should be helped to learn how to stand on his own feet. Here the father would feel alienated and would doubtless lament his fate in having so ungrateful a son, and here again the father and son might well become really alienated, at least for a while. But such an alienation would, once again, be unnecessary, and the parent’s lament would be quite unjustified, since he would have no one to blame but himself.

Other examples of “spurious”

alienation come to mind in many different areas of human enterprise. A student may feel alienated from his teacher because the latter, for the student’s own good, puts him on his own more than the student likes. A teacher, in turn, may misinterpret healthy student criticism and, as a result, unjustifiably feel alienated from his class. The beatnik type of artist often feels alienated from his society because he demands of it, and of life, some sort of unrealistic utopia. A serious and able artist, on the other hand, may well be critical of his society on various counts and yet not feel, or be, alienated from it.

What might be called cosmic alienation provides perhaps the clearest example of what *may* be (but need not necessarily be) a case of “spurious” alienation. If we assume, with the believer, that there is a God and that He has in fact manifested Himself to man, the widespread Western *sense* of cosmic alienation is mistaken and unnecessary. Many a college student, for example, can be said to have “lost his faith” because he has had to discard a rigid and untenable theology and has not discovered a more dynamic and mature theology to take its place. *If* God is real and manifest, and *if* such a superior theology is in fact available, this student’s loss of faith need not have occurred, and his laments (if he does lament) are really unjustified. His alienation from God is his own doing (though it is also partly attributable, no doubt, to his unduly inflexible theological background). If, on the other hand, the agnostic’s theological bafflement is justified, or if the atheist’s radical denials are in fact valid, it is religious faith that becomes objectively spurious. In this case we

should indeed feel authentically alienated from a cosmos which, in its vast impersonality, is in fact indifferent to all our human needs and aspirations.

It is the European Existentialists, notably Kafka, Camus, and Sartre, who have most deeply and poignantly explored man's authentic alienations from God, from nature, from his fellowmen, and even from himself. They differ in their degrees of pessimism, that is, in their conviction that our human predicament is one of hopeless and incorrigible alienation. Kafka's mouthpiece in "The Castle" keeps on believing in a Divine Being, the master of the castle, and despite all rebuffs keeps on trying to establish contact with him. Camus seems to have had a far greater faith in the possibility of authentic human bonds between man and man than his brilliant contemporary, Sartre. But even Sartre would not bother to converse, write, or publish were he persuaded that men's alienation from each other is absolute.

Feeling or Being?

We certainly encounter authentic alienation among the most seriously ill mental patients — patients whose illness has cut them off from relatives and friends and, frequently, even from the doctors who are trying to help them. This tragic alienation may, at least at present, be incurable. There is nothing "spurious" about this kind of human predicament.

This must suffice to illustrate the distinction between "authentic" and "spurious" alienation. It is, as I have said, a somewhat vague and rather relative distinction for three reasons. First, it is not easy to know with any assurance the norm of "proper" rapport between man and the various components of his total environment, and it is clear that the concept of alienation depends upon this prior and more basic concept of a "normal," "healthy," affirmative relationship. Secondly, it is not easy to know how "spurious" or "authentic" a special instance of alienation actually is. Thirdly, where a mistake has been made and the resultant aliena-

tion is more or less spurious, it is often hard to know who is to blame and, in addition, how the mistake can best be corrected, if at all.

Yet, despite these difficulties, the broad distinction still seems to me to be valid and very useful because our *sense* of alienation is so often untrustworthy. The alienation we feel, and suffer from, and lament, is frequently a more or less spurious alienation, whereas we all too often remain unaware of our deeper and more authentic alienations. In short, we tend to demand from ourselves, our fellowmen, and the universe, what we happen to want, rather than what we really need, and without regard to whether it is in fact available or not, and then, when our unenlightened craving is not satisfied we feel frustrated, abused, and alienated. This happens whenever we expect the unreasonable, or the impossible, from parent or child, husband or wife, friend or neighbor, our human institutions, or the universe. In all such situations we may sincerely *feel* alienated, and we may also *be* partially alienated because we have alienated ourselves, and so our situation may indeed be very miserable and unhappy. But all this is, at least to some degree, our own doing and therefore remediable. Such alienation need not be permanent or chronic.

Spiritual Predicament

It therefore behooves us, whenever we *feel* alienated and therefore sorry for ourselves, to ask ourselves how authentic, that is, how real and avoidable, this alleged alienation really is and whether, on our own initiative or with the help of others, we cannot do something about it. What we howl about most loudly is often, in fact, childish, trivial, and unnecessary. It also behooves us to consider the areas where we tend to feel most assured and complacent lest, precisely here, we are in fact alienated without knowing it. We are all too prone, individually and collectively, to embrace a shadow instead of a substance, to prefer the easy and unmourishing substitute for

the real thing. Witness our frequent acceptance of a smiling conviviality as a reliable index of real friendship, or passive obedience as filial devotion, or the mechanics of education in place of authentic intellectual growth, or sentimental amusement art instead of authentic art, or a facile religious conformism as though it were authentic Christianity. In short, we may well be *really* and *tragically* alienated without knowing it. This is man's most serious spiritual predicament which deserves our most serious concern.

Enlightenment

Is there an answer to alienation? Can it be cured, or mitigated? This depends, of course, upon the nature of the alienation in question, and upon the individual and his social environment. In general, the more "spurious" the alienation, the more curable it is; the more deep-seated and authentic it is, the more stubborn and incurable it tends to be. We can, however, say with great assurance that the chief cure for alienation is better understanding, and that better understanding, in turn, can best be promoted by authentic education. "Education" must be here defined as inclusively as possible, to embrace all types of achievable enlightenment. One might well define the ultimate goal of liberal education, for example, as the attempt to help young people to learn *really* to want what they *really* need and what is *really* available to them, instead of craving, childishly, what they do not need for their own welfare and what is, in fact, Utopian. The practical question as to precisely how much a better understanding can do to relieve or dispel any particular instance of alienation can only be answered in practice. There are too many variables here to make a sweeping generalization possible. But we can be sure that enlightenment will help more than anything else that man can supply, that it often helps a very great deal, and that education, if it performs its proper function, is the chief, though certainly not the only, source of such enlightenment.

DEATHS

Institute

Ella Rae Boylan, 1961.
Elfrida Everhart Van Wormer (Mrs. Ralph B.), September 1964.
Louise Reese Inman (Mrs. Frank), December 9, 1964.
Susan Lancaster, August 1964.

1911

Gussie O'Neal Johnson (Mrs. Lewis H.), November 1964.

1913

Florence Preston, sister of Janef Preston '21, December 1964.

1924

Norman Sydney Buck, husband of Polly Stone Buck, April 11, 1964.

1927

Dr. Murdock S. Equen, husband of Anne Hart Equen, father of Anne Equen Ballard '45 and Carol Equen Miller '48, November 11, 1964.
Fairman Preston St. Clair, son of Miriam Wiley Preston St. Clair, and brother of Mimi St. Clair Gerard '63, in an automobile accident, October 1964.

1929

Hortense Elton Garver (Mrs. Carl), October 23, 1964.

1931

Dr. W. Taliaferro Thompson, father of Julia

Thompson Smith and Anne Thompson Rose '38, grandfather of Nancy Rose Vosler '63, November 1964.

1935

Mrs. Charles E. Pattillo, mother of Nell Pattillo Kendall, October 1964.

1940

Charlotte Golden Boyd (Mrs. John Thomas, Sr.), October 1964.

1950

Roy Evans, father of Charlotte Evans Williams, October 1964.

1952

Myrtice Howard Cunningham, mother of Nimmo Howard Mahlin, March 1963.
Charles Parker, father of Ann Parker Lee, June 1964.

1957

Ralph T. Holtsclaw, father of Frances Holtsclaw Berry, November 6, 1964.

1958

Gregory Carl Garrett, 5 year old son of Mary Grace McCurry Garrett, December 5, 1964, after a long illness.

1963

Mrs. Robert G. Faucette, mother of Letitia Faucette, November 1964.

In Memoriam



Louise McKinney

Miss MCKINNEY came to Agnes Scott to teach English in 1891. She spent seventy-three fruitful years on the campus, and when she died on January 26, 1965, a grand chapter in the college's history was finished.



Muriel Harn

Miss HARN died January 26, 1965. She came to Agnes Scott in 1921 as associate professor in the department of romance languages and retired in 1964 as chairman of the departments of German and Spanish.





Worthy Notes...

Future Alumnae Viewpoints from a Vantage Point

WE RECEIVED ONE RHYMED response to the anonymous lament we published in this column in the fall issue. Em Eldridge Ferguson '10 says, in rebuttal:

A Difference in the Point of View

We have had troubles and trials galore,
We've bitten our nails and paced the floor.
And yet, 'tis true, the smiles of returning alumnae
Often hide things that would make you sigh —
But ah! *our* smiles are for memories of the cherished
past
And for thanks that our Alma Mater taught us to ever
stand fast!

Perhaps these words say that the making of an alumna takes a lifetime, as a truly liberal education does. They certainly say, placed with the other verses, that there is no standard recipe which the College can use to turn out a standard alumna. I rejoice and give thanks for different points of view, for the Agnes Scott alumna's ability to hold and to articulate her own.

From where I sit at the moment, my view turns more and more to the alumna of the future. The current student may have, in ten years, a viewpoint completely alien to any held before, and I want to be aware of how this occurs.

So, it has been heartening to me this year to know a little of what a student looks forward to, what her expectations are for herself as an individual human being. And what I find is a major change in viewpoint from that of ten years ago.

When I came back in 1954-55, it seemed to me that, for most students, if by graduation day a ring was not safely on a finger, and steps to the altar of marriage all carefully paced, life was over — or, worse, could never begin.

Now, you may quibble with my over-simplification of what a student is concerned with now, ten years later. She seems to be struggling more with how to find her own identity as a woman than with how to find a sort of instant husband. Mistake me not: marriage is still the state of the future!

This is not a debate on How to be Happy if Not (or if) Married. It is more of a continuing conversation within each student about where she's going as a person. Linda Marks, a sophomore who is chairman of

Christian Association's vocational guidance program, came to me early this fall with a request for help for students from alumnae in the broad area of thinking about vocation not as a specific job but as being an individual, educated woman today.

Linda and Blythe Posey Ashmore '58, vocational guidance chairmen of the Alumnae Association, planned three occasions for alumnae and students to tackle this concern together. At the first chapel program after the Christmas holidays, four members of the Association's Executive Board discussed "Quo Vadis?" Once again, viewpoints were as individual as their holders. Gene Slack Morse '41, Jane Meadows Oliver '47, and Mary Anne Garrard Jernigan '53, Frazer Steele Waters '57 was moderator and came armed with questions, should discussion lag, which she never had a chance to use.

The second occasion, in late January, was one of two "fireside chats." (These informal discussion groups are planned by and for students and are held in one of the College's lounges in late afternoon.) Susan Coltrane Lowance '55 spoke at the January fireside chat, tracing her "states of being" as a senior at Agnes Scott, as a career seeker and finder after college, and as a wife. Early in March, Jean Bailey Owen '39 will share her experience and thought at the second fireside chat.

These three occasions may be small ripples on a huge pond, and I may have jumped to an unverified generalization about current student thinking. But other ripples attest these continuing conversations. There was a chapel program last fall on Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, and the Agnes Scott Bookstore informs me that demand is still strong for copies of this book.

Also, Mortar Board has included this year, in the "marriage classes" they sponsor annually, one class for which they chose the title, "The Well Adjusted Single Woman." They invited Sarah Frances McDonald '36, an attorney in Decatur, former president of the Alumnae Association, now an alumna trustee of the College, to speak at this class. Publicity on the marriage classes appeared in a Decatur newspaper, and Sarah Frances has had some delightful ribbing from her friends about this title in such a series of talks.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

THE LIBRARY
AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE



Looking down the courtyard between the pierced brick wall and the building proper, this photograph catches the combination of gothic arches and contemporary lines which characterizes the Dana Fine Arts Building.

AGNES SCOTT

The Plight of the Humanities . . . see page 15

THE

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SPRING 1965





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

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COVER

A photographic representation of the liberal arts—some current students engaged in various aspects of the Agnes Scott education.

PHOTO CREDITS

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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WHOSE of us who bear responsibility for such a college as Agnes Scott are aware that the validation of our efforts is to be found in our product. Are we able to do something for young people that is, in any sense, distinctive and determinative? Is it factual that the home, the church, the immediate and larger community receive persons from our campus who are disciplined to think, liberated from prejudice and narrow provincialism, and who are prepared to stand up to life with resourcefulness and courage?"

PRESIDENT WALLACE M. ALSTON
Agnes Scott College

Building the Faculty at Agnes Scott

C. Benton Kline, Jr., Dean of the Faculty, delineates the perennial perplexities of securing a splendid faculty.

BEGINNING each year in the early fall and continuing into the spring there goes on a search—not, as you might imagine, for the next freshman class, but for new teachers, to replace those who are retiring or resigning, to fill in for those who are going on leave, to expand the staff in this department or that. This annual search is a stark necessity if the quality of the Agnes Scott faculty is to be maintained and hopefully improved over its present high standard. The selection of new faculty members is the most important task of the president, dean, and department chairmen in terms of the long-term well-being of the College.

The Kind of People We Seek

Each year the task seems more difficult, and the prospect for the years ahead is awesome. At least 15 faculty members will retire in the next decade, most of them senior members of their departments with many years of service at Agnes Scott. During each year other faculty members will leave for various reasons, many because their specific terms of service have been fulfilled, some because of more attractive offers at other

institutions. But each year five to ten new faculty members must be found and induced to come to Agnes Scott.

What sort of people do we look for? The answer is simple: the sort of people we have on the Agnes Scott faculty. This means men and women who have a strong liberal arts education and graduate study with a Ph.D. degree from one of the best graduate schools. This means men and women who are primarily interested in teaching but who know how to do research, who believe in the liberal arts college and in the moral and spiritual values of Agnes Scott. This means men and women with rich personalities and warm concern for students as persons, who understand that learning involves not only the formal class but also the informal, personal meeting in office or dining hall or faculty home.

Such people are not easy to find, for they are very much in demand by other colleges and universities. Some of them are already on the faculties of other colleges; others are completing graduate study. We seek the help of graduate department chairmen in locating prospects. We work through the learned and professional societies. We are hoping that the Cooperative College Registry, a service of the agencies of higher



Dean Kline's office is always open to students with academic or personal problems and to those who just want to chat.

education for a number of church groups, will prove a great help, as its representatives call on graduate students and attend professional meetings seeking men and women who are interested in teaching in the church related colleges.

In recent years we have found that it is more and more difficult to secure from graduate schools the really first-rate candidates. These men and women are being more and more strongly pushed in the direction of research and toward positions in the universities with graduate programs of their own. The prestige of the graduate department is helped far more by placing able doctoral students in other universities, where they will write and turn out graduate students at the master's level, who may then feed back to the prestige university. Some graduate department chairmen look with disdain on the liberal arts college and recommend only their less able students for openings we have.

One of the representatives of the Cooperative College Registry was talking recently with the chairman of a graduate department of a major university. The chairman stated flatly that he would never recommend that one of his able students go to a liberal arts college because the opportunities for research and publication and

professional advancement were few and unfavorable. A moment later, however, he mentioned that his own daughter was in a church related liberal arts college. "Why did you send her there?" asked the C.C.R. man. "Because she would find good teaching and close faculty-student relationships," replied the chairman. "And who do you expect to be teaching her? You won't send your own best students to teach there," needed the C.C.R. representative. To the credit of the chairman, he saw the contradiction immediately, and a new climate exists at least in that department.

Graduate students generally, however, are being taught that the greatest professional rewards lie in *university* teaching and more than that in research and publication. Teaching is really secondary to scholarly output, so the argument goes. And, the graduate student is advised, put all your energy into your discipline and do not get attached to any particular institution. Both of these attitudes are antithetical to the purposes of a college like Agnes Scott, where teaching is the principal occupation and where the service of the institution and its purposes is the end for which the particular discipline exists. We must make our institution attractive,

(Continued on next page)

Building the Faculty

(Continued)

and we must reward good and dedicated teaching, so that graduate students and young instructors can look at what we are doing and be attracted to it.

When we actually find some candidates and begin to write them or interview them, some further difficulties arise. One is the matter of the woman's college. This is a problem particularly to male candidates, but also occasionally to women as well. It centers more in certain disciplines, where women are not so strongly attracted and where the prospect of numbers of able students who may themselves go on to advanced work is somewhat dim. But a woman's college also calls up other ideas—isolation, lack of seriousness on the part of students, tendency to drift into early marriage.

Here our situation with reference to other colleges and universities helps to dispel part of the uneasiness. And the manifest quality of the students, their dedication to learning, their seriousness of purpose, the number who go on to graduate study—these realities can set at ease the doubts of the candidates.

Another problem is "the *South*." For many a prospective teacher, especially one educated in a northern college and university, Georgia is the end of the road. The Deep South is misunderstood and feared. It is too often, alas, regarded as the intellectual and cultural backwater of the nation. The hardest reality we face is the placement forms of candidate after candidate, which state on the line for preferred geographical location, "anywhere but the South." The case is different with the candidate educated in the South. For him or her, Atlanta and Agnes Scott are attractions—recognized as a great metropolitan area, which is alert and growing, and a college of recognized standards of excellence. And these positive characteristics are what we try to get across to the candidate from the East or Midwest. We do succeed—with the help of graduate professors who know Atlanta, Agnes Scott, and members of our faculty.

Faithless Brilliance

Increasingly, however, in recent years we have drawn more of our faculty from southern graduate schools. These graduate schools are in many cases excellent, and they are getting better steadily. The quality of preparation of our faculty has not declined by any means. But we are concerned to continue to have Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, and the great state universities of the Midwest represented in our faculty along with Duke, Vanderbilt, Virginia, Emory, and other first-rate southern universities. Our student body is regional,

though the proportion as well as the numbers from outside the South is increasing. Our faculty has always been national—indeed international—and this keeps us from narrow provincialism.

Still another point of difficulty sometimes is our Christian commitment as a college. There are candidates whom we interview who are troubled about Agnes Scott's honest avowal of the Christian faith. And there are candidates whose own lack of commitment at this point leads us to pass them by. This should not be misunderstood. We are looking for the best prepared teachers we can find, and piety is no substitute for professional competence. We do not want committed Christians who are poor teachers and sorry scholars. But it is equally true that faithless brilliance does not interest us a bit. A Christian college maintains itself in the faith and commitment of its faculty and staff, which is the enduring center for each succeeding group of students. So it is that we ask probing questions of prospective teachers—questions about their own commitments and about how these may contribute to the commitment of the College. Some resent this and some do not measure up—and often they are very competent people. But in their place we find others equally competent who do share what Agnes Scott stands for.

The Saddest Problem of All

Finally, the situation today, "the academic marketplace," is highly competitive, and in such a situation price becomes a factor. In this case the price is salaries and fringe benefits. We have made real progress on faculty salaries—the average salary has increased about 100% in the last ten or twelve years. Yet we have not come far enough. There are some good people we would like to have join the faculty who feel they simply cannot afford to. They are attracted by teaching, by the excellent students, by the location in Atlanta, by the ideals of the College, but the salary is not enough. This is the saddest problem of all, and yet in some ways the one about which most can be done by those who read this, for one solution to it is the program of annual giving on the part of alumnae and parents and friends.

Agnes Scott through the years has been fortunate in the quality of the teaching faculty. In the years ahead we shall seek to continue the high standard that has been set. For in the end what makes Agnes Scott distinctive is nothing less than the able group of teachers who serve here, dedicated to the joint search for truth with young women and to the conviction that students and their intellectual and moral and spiritual growth are the principal reasons for the existence of this or any college.

*The Investiture
speech addresses alumnae
as well as seniors.*



The Complexities of Choice

By ELEANOR N. HUTCHENS, '40

THERE is no way of addressing directly the feelings and thoughts of a hundred and forty complex, intelligent human beings who know that the decisions they form in the next few months may make, as Robert Frost says in a poem quoted often on this campus. "all the difference."

As far as we know, Investiture is a ritual peculiar to Agnes Scott. The justification for it, the reason for all the ceremony with which it is carried out, is not at once apparent to the practical mind. I have often questioned it myself. The seniors have carried their campus responsibilities since last spring. They have entered fully into their dignity as leaders in student life. They are well launched into the last year of their academic work with us. The first Saturday in November cannot fairly be considered a turning point at which they are metamorphosed from juniors into seniors in the eyes of their fellow members of the college community. Why then

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Eleanor Newman Hutchens, associate professor of English, exemplifies the excellent faculty member who can combine good teaching and rewarding research. She celebrates this April her 25th Class Reunion and the publication of her book, *Irony in Tom Jones*, University of Alabama Press, University, Alabama.

Complexities of Choice

(Continued)

do we find ourselves here, confronting one another in this solemn fashion?

There must be a reason. Folkways which are not rooted in human need do not survive; and Investiture has survived many college generations here. I have now been forced to look for the reason, and I have arrived at one which I now offer and upon which I shall base what I have to say.

Investiture is an occasion for thinking about Commencement before it is too late.

The most obvious thing about the prospect of Commencement is also the most unsettling to those who face it. Seniors can name it without hesitation. It is that for the first time in your lives a predetermined, predictable, and prepared future is not before you. I will leave aside the question of your *liking* for this arranged future which is about to become the orderly past. The fact is that the habit of security is very powerful, and the danger is that when one kind of security is taken away we may leap to another kind which is permanent—and permanently limiting. The kind we have before Commencement leads to freedom and multiplicity of choice, by its nature; it is so designed. Up to a point, the longer we put off our last graduation, the wider will be the choice. Conversely, the sooner we make a final choice after graduation from college, the fewer will be the possibilities still open within that choice. The degrees, the travel, the experience of the years intervening between Commencement and the final choice will load that choice with further opportunity.

Sound Private Decisions

I am sure you are making a specific application of these general remarks. In an effort to disarm you I shall invoke the authority of the Wife of Bath, certainly no foe to early matrimony. The Wife of Bath, you will remember, expresses a very low opinion of the enterprise of that mouse who has only one hole to jump to. Whatever the specific nature of your choice, it is imperative that between now and June you become honestly sure that you are not making it in the spirit of that pusillanimous rodent.

Once having adopted the resolute and ranging eye of the Wife of Bath, how are you to make your initial choice among the openings visible to you? My sugges-



"Investiture is an occasion for thinking about Commencement before it is too late."

tion on this point may seem irresponsible. I should hesitate to make it if you had not so often been reminded of your obligations to society that you probably feel that any major personal decision you make must have social justification. I am going to urge that you relieve your consciences of this burden—or that you deny yourselves this means of rationalization, as the case may be. Your consciences have had good training. They have been enlarged to include fidelity to your aesthetic sensibilities and to a strictly examined view of truth as well as to a greatly expanded and refined ethical sense. In this unified field of vision the violation of one standard is seen to involve the others. That which seems moral but is certainly ugly is probably not moral; that which seems true but is not moral is probably not ultimately true; and so on. You can be trusted to make sound private decisions without the aid or the hindrance of public pressure; in being right for you they will in the long run be right for society.

This idea can be dangerous, of course, when acted upon by the possessor of an imperfect conscience. Once years ago when I was in newspaper work, I took part in a quiet investigation which revealed that an elected county official had been embezzling money from the county for a long time. Among the three or four people who gathered the evidence and planned the prosecution was the county attorney, a lawyer who was paid a retainer to act in legal matters for the county whenever the need arose. We knew that it would be hard to get a conviction, because the culprit had great political influence; but there was no doubt whatever about his guilt, and it certainly was in the public interest that he be removed from office. Very shortly before the trial date, the county attorney announced that he had undertaken the defense of the accused man. This meant, of course, that the prosecution would be greatly handicapped because all its plans would be known to the defense beforehand. The county attorney had simply sold out. On the day he made his announcement, I went to his office and demanded to know how he could have betrayed his trust as he had. As I look back now, I can see that the scene had its comic aspects: I was about twenty-five and pounding on his desk; he was about sixty-five and leaning back in his swivel chair smiling at me with the maddening smile the corrupt old so often turn upon the idealistic young. When I paused in my pounding, he pointed to a framed inscription that hung on his office wall. "That's what I've gone by all my life," he said, "and it's never failed me." The inscription was:

This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"Now do you understand?" he asked me. "No," I said, "but I do understand now why that speech was given to Polonius." (Shakespeare vindicated once more.)

"A waste of breath"

With this warning in mind, we may go back to the original proposition: that the developed conscience can free its possessor to do as she wishes because her wishes can be trusted.

Your decisions may sometimes be hard to explain in fashionable terms. Yeats imagined this kind of difficulty for Robert Gregory, an Irishman who in World War I joined the British Royal Air Force. The Irish, most of them, felt anything but loyalty toward England; why should this promising young man fight for her in one of those dangerous flying machines? Yeats answers for Gregory:

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

Now, Gregory has joined public action in its ultimate form. But private motivation gives the action its validity; the public good is not here seen in the usual way as validating the individual deed.

Decisions with Open Ends

"A lonely impulse of delight." By this time you must have discovered what, for you now, is the source of this. If you have not consciously identified it, if you have ignored it for something easier to explain, now is the time to let it assert itself. It must provide the center of intensity without which the years to come will be waste of breath.

It is very probable that you are not now sure how to house this source in a practical plan. Some experimentation, or some further preparation, may be necessary. Therefore it is important that your decisions have open ends, ends through which you can pass either to new decisions or to further development of the original ones.

You are now to be invested as seniors. Something is usually said at this time about your public responsibilities as the ranking students on the campus. You are already discharging them well and we are confident that as a class you will leave Agnes Scott better than you found it. You deserve the respect you have. In the next few months you may feel a growing incongruity between the assurance and ease with which you have learned to move in this world and the doubts with which you contemplate entering the unmapped maze beyond. My best wish for you, each one of you, is that you take as your chief clue to that maze the lonely impulse of delight that tells you who you are. You have earned the right to trust it. Let your investiture today be the sign and seal of that right in your own eyes.

THUMBS OUT

By RUTH SHEPHERD, '62

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: After her graduation in 1962, Ruth joined the American National Red Cross and was assigned to Korea for a year with the Red Cross Clubmobile program. Then she hitch-hiked her way around the world, arriving home at Christmas this year. This spring she is "taking a look at my own country," with an Israeli girl whom she met last year.



Ever felt like a fly on fly-paper

DESPITE initial apprehensions and a queer feeling of ineptness—is it really the gauche act of wagging one's thumb which makes a successful hitch hiker? —my auto-stopping career was launched at the Cairo end of the desert road to Alexandria, Egypt. My comrade-in-comedy was a California girl with whom I had worked during my year with the American Red Cross in Korea.

Neither of us felt confident of what we were doing even with all the assurances of fellow-travelers from the Youth Hostel in Cairo. "Hitching this stretch is easier, faster and better than taking an express bus!" they said. So throwing caution to the winds and many accusing glances at each other, we dragged our suitcases the eight or ten blocks to the bus stop and wormed in among the press of dark-eyed Egyptians boarding the local bus.

It was wrapped in the many-tentacled throngs on Egyptian buses that we learned some of the subtle arts of self-defense. If one stands facing a seated WOMAN, has a large purse hanging from one shoulder, a projected elbow protecting the other side, and steps back to slowly shift one's weight onto the toe of any oppressor from the rear, one can attain the status of "untouchable"—a most valued state in a touchy crowd.

On this particular morning we quickly accustomed the jostling mass to our presence on the bus and some-



And
with
a little bit of luck ---

to stop. The spot should be free from traffic-hazard curves and have a convenient stretch on which the driver can pull off the road.)

With beginner's luck we picked a perfect place, though we didn't know it at the time. The first two cars passed us by; and Pat and I entertained a mild stage of panic. Picking up our suitcases, we began lurching vaguely in different directions, when out of nowhere on a nearly deserted highway appeared a middle-aged man in a business suit. He crossed over to us; we watched him come with mingled curiosity and confusion. He didn't have a car, he wasn't in a policeman's uniform, what could he want with us?

Hitch Hiker's Sprint

He speak "leettle English," he said. Could he help us? We going Alexandria? "No bus here . . . ROAD!" he repeated with increasing volume, wild from-the-heart gestures, and a pleading look in his big brown eyes. We were pretty sure of what he was trying to tell us, and we already *knew* that the bus to Alexandria traveled on the through-town road and not on this one; but how to tell this man that we knew about the bus on the other road but wanted to hitch hike on *this* road?

About the time we were winding up our explanation complete with *our* broken English, pleading eyes, and from-the-heart gestures, we were joined by a couple of young workmen, appearing also out of nowhere, plus one burro and one small, big-eyed boy. Apparently the



Hitch hiking is a lonely job ---

how at the appropriate spot on Cairo's outskirts were squeezed out onto the street, suitcases still in tow. A short walk brought us to a good spot on the highway. This I can say only in retrospect, for at the time we could only guess at the science of finding the perfect auto-stopping spot. (It must be far enough from the road junction to allow any car, traveling in the right direction, to see you but not so far that the car would have a chance to pick up too much speed to be bothered

Thumbs Out

(Continued)

man in the business suit had understood our story and our hopes to stop a car; and apparently the recent additions to the group made the same inquiries that the first man had. So the business-suit man, the workmen, the boy and the burro, and Pat and I began a three-ringed conversation of Arabic, broken-English, wild gestures and pleading looks and were about to be joined by two policemen strolling toward us from their guard shack some 50 yards away, obviously attracted by the confusion, when Praise Be! a car pulled up.

Of course the car stopped some 20 feet away from us, so I had to disentangle myself from "the group" and make the Hitch Hiker's Sprint (a 20 or 30 foot quick sprint with a heavy suitcase or rucksack, the manner in which it is done being an indication of the enthusiasm, interest, school-boy charm and desirability of the hitch hiker). I approached the opened window to ask breathlessly for a lift only to discover that this was a well-meaning middle-aged German couple who saw two girls in the midst of a growing commotion and stopped to see if anything was wrong and could they help us?

As some who knew me at Agnes Scott may recall, I was one exceedingly poor German student. But believe me, I dug up enough spoken German and sign language

to make that couple understand what we were doing on that desert road and where we wanted to go. To our great relief and joy, the driver got out and put our suitcases in the trunk and we were treated to a swift ride across the desert in a brand new Volkswagen (a new style not yet imported into the USA), complete with radio and good company. Moreover, when we reached Alexandria we were driven to the heart of the city, given a short tour and let off near the Youth Hostel. What more could anyone ask from a 10 minute wait on a highway with no money down and no money to go!

This was only my first hitch hiking experience. But it was far from the first or the last occasion when I received such kind attention from people who, whether they could or could not speak my language, went out of their way to offer me assistance and friendship. I often wonder if I would have so many fond memories and friends from other countries if I had gone the "Hilton route," to use a term of Youth Hostellers. So many people who opened their homes and hearts to me I would never have met had I traveled by plane from city to city, taken cabs to hotels, joined tourist sight-seeing groups and merely traveled without coming to know the peoples of other lands.

That Special and Different World

There are so many people I could describe, like an old Ceylonese man who took us to his shop, fed us a meal and gave us our first lesson in eating with the fingers of our right hands (the only courteous way to eat in some sections of Ceylon and India); the Indian woman who met us on a train and took us home to stay with her family for two days; the Syrian U.N. doctor who gave us a lift to Damascus, showed us his city and gave us a valuable insight into the Arab-Israel problems. There must have been at least one such amazingly beautiful experience a day for the entire nine months of my travels.

For my time and effort, traveling by auto-stopping, bus, third class train and hiking, staying in Youth Hostels, cheap hotels or camping out, and being receptive to friendships of peoples in all walks of life with assorted dress, languages and customs is the most exhilarating, happiest way to see the world that any person could dream of doing! If it's sometimes hard to live with different customs, eat strange foods, and learn smatterings of the language of each new country, it is harder still to even think of visiting and leaving a country without discovering the peoples' courtesies, their unique foods and ways, without making a friend to put that special and different world into a personal focus for you.



This is the hitch in hiking.

Miss McKinney

By JAMES ROSS MCCAIN

A LITTLE more than ten years ago, when the beloved Dr. Mary Frances Sweet left us, I was given the privilege of accompanying the body to Syracuse, N.Y., and of holding a service there for her friends. I asked Miss McKinney, "What shall I say for the occasion?" Without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Don't try to eulogize. Just tell the facts, and by all means don't make it sad." With these suggestions from her still in mind, I am glad to give Agnes Scott alumnae some recollections about our very remarkable Miss McKinney herself.

Only a few months ago, I was reading the Minutes of the Board of Trustees for Agnes Scott Institute, as it then was named; and I came across this item recorded in the spring of 1891: "On motion Miss Louise McKinney, of Farmville, Va., was elected Professor of English, at a salary of \$800 per year." That was really a very good salary for that day. (When I first taught school in 1903, my salary was only \$675 per year.) However, Agnes Scott Institute was not able to give much increase in salaries. When I came to the College, twenty-four years after Miss McKinney, she was then getting only \$1,000, and this did not include room and board. After the death of Colonel George W. Scott, who gave so generously, the institution had lean years; and when I came in 1915, its total assets of every kind were only \$450,000, and there was a debt of \$65,000. This explains the slowness in salary increases.

The McKinney Room

In addition to her teaching, Miss McKinney had many other duties. She was a chaperone and house mother. She served as Registrar, and some of the best records we have had in seventy-six years are those which she kept. She was Chairman of the Admission Committee for many years. When I came to the College fifty years ago, Dr. Gaines, who was President, wanted me to get really acquainted with the life of Agnes Scott, so he suggested, "I'll appoint you as a member of the Admission Committee, and you will learn more from Miss McKinney than in any other way." I found this to be entirely true.

It was just fun to watch her work. She was very strict. In a day when the catalogues of most institutions were mere window dressing, she insisted that the Agnes Scott publication must be taken literally. If it stated



Miss McKinney on her 95th birthday anniversary.

that "Macbeth" were required, it would never do to offer "Hamlet." If four books of "Caesar" were required, pages from Sallust could not be used. It was such meticulous care that won for Agnes Scott a great reputation for fine, dependable work. It was tough on the students; but, when the institution claimed in 1906 to be a *college*, it was immediately admitted to membership in the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges, the first college or university in Georgia to have this honor. Miss McKinney had a large part in this.

In 1891 the west end of Main Building was a chapel. In 1906 Rebekah Scott Hall was erected, and the Chapel was located there. After that, the west end of Main was divided into classrooms, and Room 42, the southwest corner of the first floor, where Miss McKinney taught, became a legend. Thousands of students found inspiration there, and Room 42 is now named The McKinney Room. It is appropriate that her portrait should hang in the room now, just over the point where her desk stood and where she presided for so long.

Miss McKinney had graduated from State Teachers College in Farmville, Virginia, but it did not confer degrees. She had planned to go to Vassar to complete work for the B.A. degree, but the call from Agnes Scott caused her to defer the plan, and she never seemed to have time to secure a degree. She was the only professor, man or woman, of my acquaintance who was the head of a major department in what came to be a major college, who had no degree and who did not need one. She might have had an honorary doctorate, but she said, "No." She was largely self-educated, with an extraordi-

(Continued on next page)

Miss McKinney *(Continued)*

nary capacity to read and to interpret good literature. It is quite right that she should have been honored with the establishing of "The McKinney Book Award," given annually to the student who acquires the best collection of books and who owns them intellectually as well as physically.

Miss McKinney had a genius for friendship. This was shown most clearly in her long association with Dr. Mary F. Sweet, who came to Agnes Scott in 1908 as college physician. The two were immediately attracted to each other. David and Jonathan never had closer ties. They roomed together in the old White House for years. Today when one teacher may have a whole house to herself, it is hard to understand how two full professors would share one small room and think nothing of it. When Miss McKinney and Dr. Sweet moved to 165 South Candler Street and finally had at least a whole cottage, they were most delighted.

Miss McKinney never had an opportunity to be thrown much with children, but they seemed strangely attracted to her. For ten years, I and my family lived next door to Miss McKinney, Dr. Sweet, and later "Mr. Fred," brother of Dr. Sweet; and they spoiled my children. My youngsters would run away at any time just to get next door. On one occasion, Miss McKinney, with great dignity, brought over one of our daughters who had very wet hair and not a stitch of clothing. She had been taking a bath at home and was suddenly overcome with great longing "to see Miss Kinney."

That Lovely White-haired Woman

Students were often afraid of her when they came into her classes for the first time. Her bright blue eyes seemed almost to emit sparks when she stirred, and she could be stern when there was misconduct or poor work. However, her students nearly always came to love her. During our recent 75th Anniversary Campaign, it was my privilege to visit more than thirty cities in all parts of the country, and in each there were alumnae asking about Miss McKinney and sending their love to her.

She was a very striking-looking member of our faculty. Even from her early days, she had beautiful white hair. She always dressed neatly and was vigorous in movement and attitude. She rarely went to professional meetings away from the campus, for they seemed tiresome to her; but, whenever she did so, many would inquire, "Who is that lovely white-haired woman?"

When she and Dr. Sweet retired, it was upon our special insistence that they continued to live on the campus. After the death of Dr. Sweet, Miss McKinney felt that the College ought to have the use of the cottage, and several times she spoke of moving. I, and later Dr. Alston, assured her always that there could not be any possible use of the cottage which would compare with the value of having her live in it. The cottage at 165 South Candler came to be a favorite stopping place for returning alumnae and other friends. She recognized immediately an amazing number of the old-timers and could recall for many of them incidents of their college days.

While she would never write articles, she spent a good deal of time in compiling information about the early days of the College, especially the dates and development of special Agnes Scott events such as the origin of Blackfriars, the earliest college newspaper, the Black Cat, and other traditions. It is fortunate that Edna Hanley Byers, the College Librarian, has preserved some of these papers which Miss McKinney gave her.

It was interesting to hear her talk of politics. Her brother, Mr. C. D. McKinney, a very fine Decatur citizen, was an ardent Democrat, and she felt in loyalty to him that she also must vote that ticket. But she had a hard time on various occasions trying to make excuses for one or another of the local or national leaders.

Seventy-four Years

She was an earnest Christian but was timid in any outward expression of it. I never heard her lead in public prayer. She loved the Decatur Presbyterian Church. At her death, she was the oldest member of the congregation and had been a member longer than anyone else. She took great pride in the number of Agnes Scotters who went into full-time Christian service from that Church. When I visited her, she always wanted a word of prayer together before I left. She always wanted members of the Session of the Church to come and hold the Lord's Supper with her.

Miss McKinney shared with us seventy-four of the seventy-six years of the life of Agnes Scott. There can never be another such influence. No single person now, however remarkable, could touch a whole community as she did. She came at just the right time to set her impress on the standards and ideals of the young institution. We do not lose a founder like her. She is away from us, and we miss her, but her life is hid in the hearts of so many Agnes Scotters that she still lives in spirit among us. What a blessing!

THE
PLIGHT
of the HUMANITIES







Amidst great
material well-being,
our culture stands in danger
of losing its very soul.



WITH the greatest economic prosperity ever known by Man;
With scientific accomplishments unparalleled in human history;

With a technology whose machines and methods continually revolutionize our way of life:

We are neglecting, and stand in serious danger of losing, our culture's very soul.

This is the considered judgment of men and women at colleges and universities throughout the United States—men and women whose life's work it is to study our culture and its "soul." They are scholars and teachers of the humanities: history, languages, literature, the arts, philosophy, the history and comparison of law and religion. Their concern is Man and men—today, tomorrow, throughout history. Their scholarship and wisdom are devoted to assessing where we humans are, in relation to where we have come from—and where we may be going, in light of where we are and have been.

Today, examining Western Man and men, many of them are profoundly troubled by what they see: an evident disregard, or at best a deep devaluation, of the things that refine and dignify and give meaning and heart to our humanity.

HOW IS IT NOW with us?" asks a group of distinguished historians. Their answer: "Without really intending it, we are on our way to becoming a dehumanized society."

A group of specialists in Asian studies, reaching essentially the same conclusion, offers an explanation:

"It is a truism that we are a nation of activists, problem-solvers, inventors, would-be makers of better mousetraps. . . . The humanities in the age of super-science and super-technology have an increasingly difficult struggle for existence."

"Soberly," reports a committee of the American Historical Association, "we must say that in American society, for many generations past, the prevailing concern has been for the conquest of nature, the production of material goods, and the development of a viable system of democratic government. Hence we have stressed the sciences, the application of science through engineering, and the application of engineering or quantitative methods to the economic and political problems of a prospering republic."

The stress, the historians note, has become even more intense in recent years. Nuclear fission, the Communist threat, the upheavals in Africa and Asia, and the invasion of space have caused our concern with "practical" things to be "enormously reinforced."

Says a blue-ribbon "Commission on the Humanities," established as a result of the growing sense of unease about the non-scientific aspects of human life:

"The result has often been that our social, moral, and aesthetic development lagged behind our material advance. . . .

"The state of the humanities today creates a crisis for national leadership."

THE CRISIS, which extends into every home, into every life, into every section of our society, is best observed in our colleges and universities. As both mirrors and creators of our civilization's attitudes, the colleges and universities not only reflect what is happening throughout society, but often indicate what is likely to come.

Today, on many campuses, science and engineering are in the ascendency. As if in consequence, important parts of the humanities appear to be on the wane.

Scientists and engineers are likely to command the best job offers, the best salaries. Scholars in the humanities are likely to receive lesser rewards.

Scientists and engineers are likely to be given financial grants and contracts for their research—by government agencies, by foundations, by industry. Scholars in the humanities are likely to look in vain for such support.

Scientists and engineers are likely to find many of the best-qualified students clamoring to join their ranks. Those in the humanities, more often than not, must watch helplessly as the talent goes next door.

Scientists and engineers are likely to get new buildings, expensive equipment, well-stocked and up-to-the-minute libraries. Scholars in the humanities, even allowing for their more modest requirements of physical facilities, often wind up with second-best.

Quite naturally, such conspicuous contrasts have created jealousies. And they have driven some persons in the humanities (and some in the sciences, as well) to these conclusions:

1) The sciences and the humanities are in mortal

competition. As science thrives, the humanities must languish—and vice versa.

2) There are only so many physical facilities, so much money, and so much research and teaching equipment to go around. Science gets its at the expense of the humanities. The humanities' lot will be improved only if the sciences' lot is cut back.

To others, both in science and in the humanities, such assertions sound like nonsense. Our society, they say, can well afford to give generous support to *both* science and the humanities. (Whether or not it will, they admit, is another question.)

A committee advising the President of the United States on the needs of science said in 1960:

". . . We repudiate emphatically any notion that science research and scientific education are the only kinds of learning that matter to America. . . . Obviously a high civilization must not limit its efforts to science alone. Even in the interests of science itself, it is essential to give full value and support to the other great branches of Man's artistic, literary, and scholarly activity. The advancement of science must not be accomplished by the impoverishment of anything else. . . ."

The Commission on the Humanities has said:

"Science is far more than a tool for adding to our security and comfort. It embraces in its broadest sense all efforts to achieve valid and coherent views of reality; as such, it extends the boundaries of experience and adds new dimensions to human character. If the interdependence of science and the humanities were more generally understood, men would be more likely to become masters of their technology and not its unthinking servants."

None of which is to deny the existence of differences between science and the humanities, some of which are due to a lack of communication but others of which come from deep-seated misgivings that the scholars in one vineyard may have about the work and philosophies of scholars in the other. Differences or no, however, there is little doubt that, if Americans should choose to give equal importance to both science and the humanities, there are enough material resources in the U.S. to endow both, amply.

THUS FAR, however, Americans have not so chosen. Our culture is the poorer for it.





ROBERT PHILLIPS



the humanities' view:

Mankind
is nothing
without
individual
men.

“Composite man, cross-section man, organization man, status-seeking man are not here. It is still one of the merits of the humanities that they see man with all his virtues and weaknesses, including his first, middle, and last names.”

DON CAMERON ALLEN



WHY SHOULD an educated but practical American take the vitality of the humanities as his personal concern?

What possible reason is there for the business or professional man, say, to trouble himself with the present predicament of such esoteric fields as philosophy, exotic literatures, history, and art?

In answer, some quote Hamlet:

What is a man

*If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.*

Others, concerned with the effects of science and technology upon the race, may cite Lewis Mumford:

“... It is now plain that only by restoring the human personality to the center of our scheme of thought can mechanization and automation be brought back into the services of life. Until this happens in education, there is not a single advance in science, from the release of nuclear energy to the isolation of DNA in genetic inheritance, that may not, because of our literally absent-minded automation in applying it, bring on disastrous consequences to the human race.”

Says Adlai Stevenson:

“To survive this revolution [of science and technology], education, not wealth and weapons, is our best hope—that largeness of vision and generosity of spirit which spring from contact with the best minds and treasures of our civilization.”

THE COMMISSION on the Humanities cites five reasons, among others, why America's need of the humanities is great:

“1) All men require that a vision be held before them, an ideal toward which they may strive. Americans need such a vision today as never before in their history. It is both the dignity and the duty of humanists to offer their fellow-countrymen whatever understanding can be attained by fallible humanity of such enduring values as justice, freedom, virtue, beauty, and truth. Only thus do we join ourselves to the heritage of our nation and our human kind.

“2) Democracy demands wisdom of the average man. Without the exercise of wisdom free institutions

and personal liberty are inevitably imperiled. To know the best that has been thought and said in former times can make us wiser than we otherwise might be, and in this respect the humanities are not merely our, but the world's, best hope.

"3) . . . [Many men] find it hard to fathom the motives of a country which will spend billions on its outward defense and at the same time do little to maintain the creative and imaginative abilities of its own people. The arts have an unparalleled capability for crossing the national barriers imposed by language and contrasting customs. The recently increased American encouragement of the performing arts is to be welcomed, and will be welcomed everywhere as a sign that Americans accept their cultural responsibilities, especially if it serves to prompt a corresponding increase in support for the visual and the liberal arts. It is by way of the humanities that we best come to understand cultures other than our own, and they best to understand ours.

"4) World leadership of the kind which has come upon the United States cannot rest solely upon superior force, vast wealth, or preponderant technology. Only the elevation of its goals and the excellence of its conduct entitle one nation to ask others to follow its lead. These are things of the spirit. If we appear to discourage creativity, to demean the fanciful and the beautiful, to have no concern for man's ultimate destiny—if, in short, we ignore the humanities—then both our goals and our efforts to attain them will be measured with suspicion.

"5) A novel and serious challenge to Americans is posed by the remarkable increase in their leisure time. The forty-hour week and the likelihood of a shorter one, the greater life-expectancy and the earlier ages of retirement, have combined to make the blessing of leisure a source of personal and community concern. 'What shall I do with my spare time' all-too-quickly becomes the question 'Who am I? What shall I make of my life?' When men and women find nothing within themselves but emptiness they turn to trivial and narcotic amusements, and the society of which they are a part becomes socially delinquent and potentially unstable. The humanities are the immemorial answer to man's questioning and to his need for self-expression; they are uniquely equipped to fill the 'abyss of leisure.' "

The arguments are persuasive. But, aside from the

scholars themselves (who are already convinced), is anybody listening? Is anybody stirred enough to do something about "saving" the humanities before it is too late?

"Assuming it considers the matter at all," says Dean George C. Branam, "the population as a whole sees [the death of the liberal arts tradition] only as the overdue departure of a pet dinosaur.

"It is not uncommon for educated men, after expressing their overwhelming belief in liberal education, to advocate sacrificing the meager portion found in most curricula to get in more subjects related to the technical job training which is now the principal goal. . . .

"The respect they profess, however honestly they proclaim it, is in the final analysis superficial and false: they must squeeze in one more math course for the engineer, one more course in comparative anatomy for the pre-medical student, one more accounting course for the business major. The business man does not have to know anything about a Beethoven symphony; the doctor doesn't have to comprehend a line of Shakespeare; the engineer will perform his job well enough without ever having heard of Machiavelli. The unspoken assumption is that the proper function of education is job training and that alone."

Job training, of course, is one thing the humanities rarely provide, except for the handful of students who will go on to become teachers of the humanities themselves. Rather, as a committee of schoolmen has put it, "they are fields of study which hold values for all human beings regardless of their abilities, interests, or means of livelihood. These studies hold such values for all men precisely because they are focused upon universal qualities rather than upon specific and measurable ends. . . . [They] help man to find a purpose, endow him with the ability to criticize intelligently and therefore to improve his own society, and establish for the individual his sense of identity with other men both in his own country and in the world at large."

IS THIS reason enough for educated Americans to give the humanities their urgently needed support?

☀ The humanities: "Our lives are

"Upon the humanities depend the national ethic and morality. . .



the substance they are made of.”

... the national use of our environment and our material accomplishments.”



... the national aesthetic and beauty or lack of it ...



ROBERT PHILLIPS

☀ “A million-dollar project without a million dollars”

THE CRISIS in the humanities involves people, facilities, and money. The greatest of these, many believe, is money. With more funds, the other parts of the humanities’ problem would not be impossible to solve. Without more, they may well be.

More money would help attract more bright students into the humanities. Today the lack of funds is turning many of today’s most talented young people into more lucrative fields. “Students are no different from other people in that they can quickly observe where the money is available, and draw the logical conclusion as to which activities their society considers important,” the Commission on the Humanities observes. A dean puts it bluntly: “The bright student, as well as a white rat, knows a reward when he sees one.”

More money would strengthen college and university faculties. In many areas, more faculty members are needed urgently. The American Philosophical Association, for example, reports: “. . . Teaching demands will increase enormously in the years immediately to come. The result is: (1) the quality of humanistic teaching is now in serious danger of deteriorating; (2) qualified teachers are attracted to other endeavors; and (3) the progress of research and creative work within the humanistic disciplines falls far behind that of the sciences.”

More money would permit the establishment of new scholarships, fellowships, and loans to students.



More money would stimulate travel and hence strengthen research. “Even those of us who have access to good libraries on our own campuses must travel far afield for many materials essential to scholarship,” say members of the Modern Language Association.

More money would finance the publication of long-overdue collections of literary works. Collections of Whitman, Hawthorne, and Melville, for example, are “officially under way [but] face both scholarly and financial problems.” The same is true of translations of foreign literature. Taking Russian authors as an example, the Modern Language Association notes: “The major novels and other works of Turgenev, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Chekhov are readily available, but many of the translations are inferior and most editions lack notes and adequate introduc-



THUS PROFESSOR GAY WILSON ALLEN, one of the editors, describes the work on a complete edition of the writings of Walt Whitman. Because of a lack of sufficient funds, many important literary projects are stalled in the United States. One indication of the state of affairs: the works of only two American literary figures—Emily Dickinson and Sidney Lanier—are considered to have been collected in editions that need no major revisions.

torical Association says, “our historians too often have shown themselves timid and pedestrian in approach, dull and unimaginative in their writing. Yet these are vices that stem from public indifference.”

More money would enable some scholars, now engaged in “applied” research in order to get funds, to undertake “pure” research, where they might be far more valuable to themselves and to society. An example, from the field of linguistics: Money has been available in substantial quantities for research related to foreign-language teaching, to the development of language-translation machines, or to military communications. “The results are predictable,” says a report of the Linguistics Society of America. “On the one hand, the linguist is tempted into subterfuge—dressing up a problem of basic research to make it look like applied research. Or, on the other hand, he is tempted into applied research for which he is not really ready, because the basic research which must lie behind it has not yet been done.”

More money would greatly stimulate work in archaeology. “The lessons of Man’s past are humbling ones,” Professor William Foxwell Albright, one of the world’s leading Biblical archaeologists, has said. “They are also useful ones. For if anything is clear, it is that we cannot dismiss any part of our human story as irrelevant to the future of mankind.” But, reports the Archaeological Institute of America, “the knowledge of valuable ancient remains is often permanently lost to us for the lack of as little as \$5,000.”

tions. . . . There are more than half a dozen translations of *Crime and Punishment*. . . . but there is no English edition of Dostoevsky’s critical articles, and none of his complete published letters. [Other] writers of outstanding importance. . . . have been treated only in a desultory fashion.”

More money would enable historians to enter areas now covered only adequately. “Additional, more substantial, or more immediate help,” historians say, is needed for studies of Asia, Russia, Central Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa; for work in intellectual history; for studying the history of our Western tradition “with its roots in ancient, classical, Christian, and medieval history”; and for “renewed emphasis on the history of Western Europe and America.” “As modest in their talents as in their public position,” a committee of the American His-

ROBERT PHILLIPS

MORE MONEY: that is the great need. But where will it come from?

Science and technology, in America, owe much of their present financial strength—and, hence, the means behind their spectacular accomplishments—to the Federal government. Since World War II, billions of dollars have flowed from Washington to the nation's laboratories, including those on many a college and university campus.

The humanities have received relatively few such dollars, most of them earmarked for foreign language projects and area studies. One Congressional report showed that virtually all Federal grants for academic facilities and equipment were spent for science; 87 percent of Federal funds for graduate fellowships went to science and engineering; by far the bulk of Federal support of faculty members (more than \$60 million) went to science; and most of the Federal money for curriculum strengthening was spent on science. Of \$1.126 billion in Federal funds for basic research in 1962, it was calculated that 66 percent went to the physical sciences, 29 percent to the life sciences, 3 percent to the psychological sciences, 2 percent to the social sciences, and 1 percent to "other" fields. (The figures total 101 percent because fractions are rounded out.)

The funds—particularly those for research—were appropriated on the basis of a clearcut *quid pro quo*: in return for its money, the government would get research results plainly contributing to the national welfare, particularly health and defense.

With a few exceptions, activities covered by the humanities have not been considered by Congress to contribute sufficiently to "the national welfare" to qualify for such Federal support.

IT IS on precisely this point—that the humanities are indeed essential to the national welfare—that persons and organizations active in the humanities are now basing a strong appeal for Federal support.

The appeal is centered in a report of the Commission on the Humanities, produced by a group of distinguished scholars and non-scholars under the chairmanship of Barnaby C. Keeney, the president of Brown University, and endorsed by organization after organization of humanities specialists.

"Traditionally our government has entered areas

where there were overt difficulties or where an opportunity had opened for exceptional achievement," the report states. "The humanities fit both categories, for the potential achievements are enormous while the troubles stemming from inadequate support are comparably great. The problems are of nationwide scope and interest. Upon the humanities depend the national ethic and morality, the national aesthetic and beauty or the lack of it, the national use of our environment and our material accomplishments. . . .

"The stakes are so high and the issues of such magnitude that the humanities must have substantial help both from the Federal government and from other sources."

The commission's recommendation: "the establishment of a National Humanities Foundation to parallel the National Science Foundation, which is so successfully carrying out the public responsibilities entrusted to it."

SUCH A PROPOSAL raises important questions for Congress and for all Americans.

Is Federal aid, for example, truly necessary? Cannot private sources, along with the states and municipalities which already support much of American higher education, carry the burden? The advocates of Federal support point, in reply, to the present state of the humanities. Apparently such sources of support, alone, have not been adequate.

Will Federal aid lead inevitably to Federal control? "There are those who think that the danger of

*"Until they want to,
it won't be done."*



BARNABY C. KEENEY (opposite page), university president and scholar in the humanities, chairs the Commission on the Humanities, which has recommended the establishment of a Federally financed National Humanities Foundation. Will this lead to Federal interference? Says President Keeney: "When the people of the U.S. want to control teaching and scholarship in the humanities, they will do it regardless of whether there is Federal aid. Until they want to, it won't be done."



ROBERT PHILLIPS

Federal control is greater in the humanities and the arts than in the sciences, presumably because politics will bow to objective facts but not to values and taste," acknowledges Frederick Burkhardt, president of the American Council of Learned Societies, one of the sponsors of the Commission on the Humanities and an endorser of its recommendation. "The plain fact is that there is *always* a danger of external control or interference in education and research, on both the Federal and local levels, in both the public and private sectors. The establishment of institutions and procedures that reduce or eliminate such interference is one of the great achievements of the democratic system of government and way of life."

Say the committeemen of the American Historical Association: "A government which gives no support at all to humane values may be careless of its own destiny, but that government which gives too much support (and policy direction) may be more dangerous still. Inescapably, we must somehow increase the prestige of the humanities and the flow of funds. At the same time, however grave this need, we must safeguard the independence, the originality, and the freedom of expression of those individuals and those groups and those institutions which are concerned with liberal learning."

Fearing a serious erosion of such independence, some persons in higher education flatly oppose Federal support, and refuse it when it is offered.

Whether or not Washington does assume a role in financing the humanities, through a National Humanities Foundation or otherwise, this much is certain: the humanities, if they are to regain strength in this country, must have greater understanding, backing, and support. More funds from private sources are a necessity, even if (perhaps *especially* if) Federal money becomes available. A diversity of sources of funds can be the humanities' best insurance against control by any one.

Happily, the humanities are one sector of higher education in which private gifts—even modest gifts—can still achieve notable results. Few Americans are wealthy enough to endow a cyclotron, but there are many who could, if they would, endow a research fellowship or help build a library collection in the humanities.

IN BOTH public and private institutions, in both small colleges and large universities, the need is urgent. Beyond the campuses, it affects every phase of the national life.

This is the fateful question:

Do we Americans, amidst our material well-being, have the wisdom, the vision, and the determination to save our culture's very soul?

The report on this and the preceding 15 pages is the product of a cooperative endeavor in which scores of schools, colleges, and universities are taking part. It was prepared under the direction of the group listed below, who form EDITORIAL PROJECTS FOR EDUCATION, a non-profit organization

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Sweet Briar College
CHESLEY WORTHINGTON
Brown University

*

CORBIN GWALTNEY
Executive Editor

JOHN A. CROWL
Associate Editor



DEATHS

Faculty

Miss Muriel Harn, professor emeritus of German and Spanish, January 26, 1965.
Miss Louise McKinney, professor emeritus of English, January 26, 1965.

Institute

Hattie Erwin Perkins (Mrs. Howell Eugene), December 12, 1964.
Maude Martin Wright (Mrs. Stobo James), June 20, 1964.

1910

Willie Clements, February 4, 1965.

1911

Mary Elizabeth Radford in January, 1965.

1912

Sina White Emerson (Mrs. Cherry L.), February 22, 1965.

1913

Florence Preston, sister of Janef Preston '21, January 3, 1965.

1916

Dr. Lochin Minor Winn, husband of Mary Bryan Winn, January 5, 1965.

1927

Luther D. Wright, husband of Mildred Cowan Wright and father of Eleanor Wright Linn '57, August 8, 1964, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

1929

Raymond A. Hogan, husband of Bertie Ferguson, May 1964.

1931

James McMullen Roberts, husband of Knoxie Nunnally Roberts, February 11, 1965.

1937

Royston Jester, Jr., father of Dorothy Jester and Helen Jester Crawford '41, January 21, 1965.

1945

Mrs. S. M. Kahn, mother of Dorothy Kahn Prunhuber, in 1964.
Mrs. L. W. Mack, mother of Martha Jane Mack Simmons, in 1964.
Lewis H. Cottongim, father of Geraldine Cottongim Richards, in 1964.

1952

John W. Finney, father of Betty Finney Kennedy, January 19, 1965.

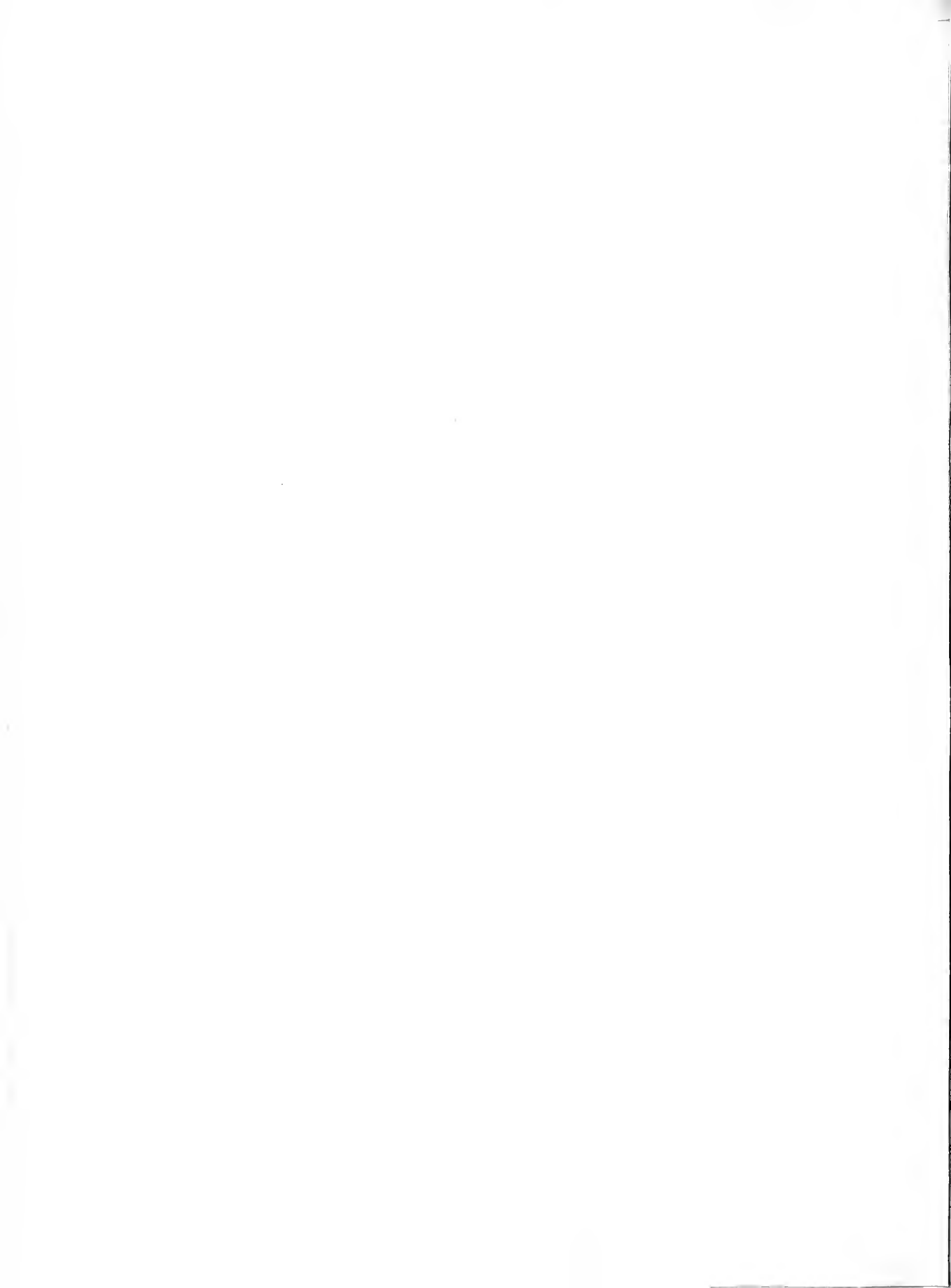
1953

Mrs. Y. Melvin Hodges, mother of Betsy Hodges Sterman, September 1964.

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Worthy Notes...

Spring Sharpens a Look at the Liberal Arts Crisis

I FIND IT DIFFICULT to concentrate on current problems in liberal arts education because the campus is calling me to come out, come out.

Decatur's and Atlanta's dogwoods are at the height of their bloom, and I've never beheld more beauty than this spring of 1965 has brought. Remember the huge old crab-apple tree in front of Sturgis Cottage? Its fragrance keeps flowing through the Alumnae Office, and I keep struggling to sit at my desk.

But I do want to explore for a moment some of the implications for Agnes Scott College and its alumnae in the so-called crisis of the liberal arts, or "The Plight of the Humanities" as the special report beginning on page 13 is titled.

It is sometimes difficult for us who were reared and educated in a liberal arts tradition to realize that such problems as this article presents could be prevalent at our own college. What responsibility do we, as both alumnae and members of the society creating these problems, have toward them?

In the first place we can become aware that they do exist—even at Agnes Scott and in each of our communities. The one looming largest for the College, regardless of the national battle between the sciences and the humanities, is the struggle to recruit and retain an excellent faculty. This is why I asked Dr. Kline, Dean of the Faculty, to write for this issue of *The Quarterly*. As he says, and as alumnae should know, "The selection of new faculty members is the most important task of the president, dean, and department chairmen in terms of the long-term well-being of the College."

In the second place, we can be and often are, as liberally educated women, those whom I term caretakers of culture in our communities. I'm using the word culture in its broadest sense, but I'm thinking of our attitudes even in the small "dailies" which add up to our lives. As one alumna expressed it, "Well, at least I've helped raise the standard of the devotionals at the Garden Club."

And in the third place, we can act in one area: we can give education in the liberal arts urgently needed financial support. If it is true that scientific education has received in recent years more than its fair share of funds, it is equally true that every national study shows, in both the

private and public sectors of the economy, ample material resources in the U.S.A. to support education in the sciences *and* in the humanities. If Americans are not adequately supporting liberal arts education, it doesn't mean that we cannot—it simply means we have not chosen so to do. Every appeal for funds to you from Agnes Scott, no matter what form it takes, is predicated upon the belief that each individual alumna will make this choice.

So, there are my three exceedingly brief comments on but a portion of the alumna's responsibility in this crisis of the liberal arts. President Lyndon Johnson said recently (as reported in *Alma Mater: Journal of the American Alumni Council*, Vol. XXXII; No. 2; March, 1965). "We have in this country today some 20 million alumni of 2500 accredited colleges and universities. The men and women who have had the benefit of a higher education have *for all of their lives*. I think, a very special responsibility, not only to the colleges from which they graduated but to the country of which they are citizens." (*Italics mine*)

Let's turn now back to the campus in spring and discover, for reassurance, that the Agnes Scott community is continually revitalizing the liberal arts. We may be beset with problems but we are by no means beleaguered by them.

Alumnae Week End, next week, will provide intellectual stimulation for alumnae in several of the humanities. Alumnae will choose to hear two among eight special lectures prepared by faculty members for us. There are two lectures in each of four fields: English (Shakespeare and Keats), philosophy (Tillich and student beliefs), science (chemistry and astronomy), and history (Biblical archeology and Europe today).

The Alumnae Association's Executive Board and The Class Council will meet to discuss alumnae responsibility to the College—and vice-versa. Then at the Annual Meeting President Alston will answer questions from alumnae about any area of this institution's particular kind of education. Even I, mired at the moment in the myriad details of preparation for Alumnae Week End, am awaiting all this goodness with anticipation!

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

The Library



AGNES
SCOTT

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY SUMMER 1965





THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

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SUMMER 1965

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

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COVER

Four Agnes Scott students interpret the 150th Psalm before the altar at Holy Innocents Episcopal Church. They are Debbie Potts '66 in the foreground; Ann Rogers '66; Mary Barnett '67 and Paula Savage '65.

PHOTO CREDITS

Front Cover, page 13, Floyd Jillson. Frontispiece, pp. 2, 6, 8, 16, 17, 18, 20, 24, 27, 29, 30, Ken Patterson. Pp. 3, 4, 5, courtesy the Agnes Scott PROFILE. Page 26, U.P.I. Page 28, Dorothy Travis Joyner '41.



Greetings as exuberant as those of freshmen mark this meeting of Eloise Lennard Smith '40 and a (purposely nameless) former classmate. Thus began a splendid 25th Reunion for the Class of 1940 on and off campus during Alumnae Week End in April.



Louisa Philpott '67 reigned over the homecoming festivities at Georgia Tech last fall as the 1964-65 Homecoming Queen.

What's Going On Here?

By MARIANE WURST SCHAUM, '63

WHEN faculty and administrative representatives went out from the college in February for Founder's Day talks to alumnae all over the country, the one consistent question they heard was, "What's happening on the campus?" Of course, it would be impossible ever to assemble a complete record of what went on at Agnes Scott during the 1964-65 academic year, but with the help of the *Agnes Scott Profile* we have been able to gather information about some of the highlights of the year. So here is what you wanted: a resumé of activities at Agnes Scott, brief and sketchy though it be!

Despite heavy teaching loads, the faculty managed to stay quite busy in extracurricular activities (and gain a few kudos in the process). Faculty publications this year include *Irony in Tom Jones* (University of Alabama Press) by Eleanor N. Hutchens '40, *Religious Strife on the Southern Frontier* (Louisiana State University) by Walter B. Posey, and Koenraad Swart's *Sense of Decadence in 19th Century France* (M. Nijhoff, P.O. Box 269, The Hague, Netherlands). All these books can be ordered from the Agnes Scott bookstore; allow at least six weeks for delivery.

Receiving the Ph.D. degree from Harvard University during the year was Jack L. Nelson, instructor in English; and Richard Hensel, Assistant Professor of Music, received the D.M.A. degree from the University of Illinois.

Melissa Cilly, Assistant Professor of Spanish, Emeritus, presented the college a very valuable collection of

materials from Spain. The collection includes items dating from 204 B.C. to the present. It is on permanent display in Buttrick Hall.

Janef N. Preston '21, Assistant Professor of English, was named "Poet of the Year" by the Atlanta Branch of the American Pen Women; and Llewellyn Wilburn '19, chairman of the physical education department, was presented the Georgia State Honor Award by the Georgia Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation for her outstanding work in these areas. Ferdinand Warren, head of the art department, was honored with a one-man exhibition of his paintings in the Georgia State College Art Gallery throughout the month of October. In May Mr. Warren was presented the "Atlanta Beautiful Award" by the Atlanta Beautiful Commission and Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr. for a mural he did for an Atlanta office building. Mr. Warren was also commissioned by the sophomore class to do a painting in memoriam to sophomore Laurie Bane who was killed in an automobile accident during the Christmas holidays. The painting, a beautiful still life which Mr. Warren did "with Laurie in mind," will hang in the Dana Fine Arts Building and was dedicated to her memory this spring in ceremonies at which Laurie's parents were present.

Other faculty and staff news includes the appointment of Mary Carrington Wilson '60 as Director of Publicity. Carrington attended Agnes Scott for two years and graduated from the University of North Caro-



Professor George P. Hayes is the Debate Team Coach. He is shown here with two of his prize debaters, Margaret Brawner '65 (seated) and Sarah Goodale '67.



Miss Florence Smith, Associate Professor of History and Political Science, retired in June after thirty-six years on the faculty.



The Arts Council is a vital new campus organization. Member Cathe Centorbe '66 is shown working on her contribution for the Art Auction sponsored by the Council in October.

lina. She holds the Master's degree from Northwestern University and has done post graduate work at the Sorbonne.

The only faculty member who retired in June is Florence E. Smith, Associate Professor of History and Political Science, who taught at Agnes Scott for 36 years. Mrs. Ethel Hatfield, dietitian for 16 years, and Mrs. Lillian McCracken, who was a member of the Dean's Staff and a senior resident for 14 years, also retired at the end of the academic year. Mrs. Roff Sims, professor of history, who came back to Agnes Scott after four years at the American College for Girls in Istanbul, has left us again, this time to become Dean of the Faculty at Sweet Briar College.

The reapportionment of the Georgia Legislature gave William Cornelius, Associate Professor of Political Science, an opportunity to get into politics. He won the Democratic party primary nomination for a seat in the legislature and was narrowly defeated by the Republican party opposition in the election. Mr. Cornelius made a name for himself in this election, and we expect to hear more about him in political news.

An innovation at Agnes Scott this year was the appointment of a consulting psychiatrist, Dr. Irene A. Phrydas, who is in private life Mrs. D. T. Papageorge, mother of Maria Papageorge '67 and sister-in-law of Evangeline Papageorge '28. Dr. Phrydas is available for conferences with students, and she is becoming an integral part of the college community.

Agnes Scott students, as always, were busy, busy people this year. One splendid new student project is The Arts Council which began the year (according to the Agnes Scott *Profile*, formerly *The Agnes Scott News*, formerly *The Agonistic*) with "thirteen talented members, four advisors, ten represented organizations, a hundred original plans—but, alas, only 28 cents!" The Arts Council, which has as its purpose coordinating the fine arts and stimulating awareness of and participation in the arts on campus, managed during the year, however, to increase its treasury and the prestige of both the arts and the organization on campus by sponsoring (1) "Vestibule Vermilion" for the campus community and guests, which featured, among a thousand other lucrative and/or amusing items, a dramatic reading (?) by Roberta Winter '27, Associate Professor of Speech and Drama; on the spot caricature drawings by art students; home-baked goodies made by Sigma Alpha Iota (the music fraternity); a library from which could be rented "matted and ready to hang" paintings done by art students; an auction of student art work; and private studios where students could exercise their "own talents in spontaneous artistic expression via the medium of finger paint." (2) art movies followed by faculty led discussions, (3) a presentation of Dylan Thomas's play, "Under Milk Wood," (4) a calendar of fine art productions in the Atlanta area with critical articles on selected productions, and

(Continued on next page)



Koenraad Swart, Associate Professor of History, saw the fruits of years of research and work this spring with the publication of his book on 19th century France.



Dr. and Mrs. Alston (Madeline Dunseith '28) chat with Day Morecock '67, president of the Sophomore Class, and her parents during Sophomore Parents Week End.

What's Going On Here? (Continued)

(5) chapel programs featuring student drama, poetry, short stories and dance.

Many students were also active participants, as individuals, in an effort to bring about understanding and communication between the races. Christian Association's program for the year included fostering Inter Collegiate Council where students from all Atlanta colleges and universities discussed current issues, conferences in which white and Negro students participated, and a three-day exchange program with Atlanta's Spelman College (named for Laura Spelman Rockefeller), a small, independent, liberal arts college for Negro women affiliated with the Baptist Church. Christian Association also sponsored a tutorial project in which Agnes Scott students acted as tutors for white and Negro elementary school students, and a project for clearing a playground which was equipped by the city for use by Negro children.

In April the Harvard University debating team visited the campus to debate with the Agnes Scott team on the topic, "Resolved: That Co-Education is No Education." (Harvard, affirmative; Agnes Scott, negative.) Seniors Margaret Brawner and Jean Hoefler firmly trounced the opposition by citing evidence that "women excel men by being constitutionally stronger, healthier, smarter, and emotionally stronger." They went on to say that "women are prettier, have better figures, and are nicer, because they never swear or fight and seldom get drunk." Furthermore, "girls suffer when forced

to be educated with male dolts." Harvard just didn't have a chance against such incontestable proof of female superiority!

Other items of interest: Under the auspices of Christian Association's Vocational Guidance Chairman, Linda Marks '67, and the Alumnae Association's Vocational Guidance Chairman, Blythe Posey Ashmore '58, alumnae Jean Bailey Owen '39, Susan Coltrane Lowance '55, and Jane Guthrie Rhodes '38 came to the campus to speak to students on various aspects of seeking, getting, and keeping jobs and careers. Mortar Board sponsored an Alma Mater contest; original music and lyrics for the new school song were submitted by two people and sung by the Glee Club and the student body in convocations throughout the winter and spring quarters. No decision has been made yet, but this long needed project has been begun. In the campus mock election preceding the national election in November the Agnes Scott community gave the Johnson-Humphrey ticket 467 votes, the Goldwater-Miller ticket 294 votes. (The cry of "Fraud" from the campus's Young Conservatives was never validated by evidence.)

Several Agnes Scott students attended the Southern Literary Festival in Oxford, Miss., April 22-24 and heard talks by Eudora Welty, Robert Penn Warren, and other famous southern artists. At the Festival Katherine Bell '66 won first place in the formal essay division for her critical article, "Marianne Moore's Use of Whimsy."



The Agnes Scott-Spelman exchange program created new friendships and set the stage for all communication between white and Negro college students.



William Cornelius, Associate Professor of Political Science, was a candidate for a seat in the Georgia legislature last spring.



The Harvard Debate Team was a handsome addition to the campus scene in April, but the young men were no match for Agnes Scott beauty and brains.



Ferdinand Warren, Professor of Art, displays one of the paintings that has made him famous all over the country.

Bonnie Jo Henderson '66 was awarded an honorable mention for her short story, "Here I Raise My Ebenezer," in the Third Annual Student Literary Magazine Contest cosponsored by the *Saturday Review* and the United States National Student Association.

Fifteen seniors were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, among them alumna daughter Elizabeth McCain (Vivienne Long '37) who is the granddaughter of President Emeritus James Ross McCain. Grace Walker Winn '67, daughter of Grace Walker '41, was named Stukes Scholar for ranking first academically in her class; and Mary Brown '66, daughter of Mardia Hopper '43, won the Jennie Sentelle Houghton Scholarship which is awarded on the basis of future promise as indicated by character, personality, and scholarship. Six seniors graduated with high honor and twelve with honor.

Graduate fellowships were awarded to Elaine Orr (Woodrow Wilson) who will go to the University of Indiana, Elizabeth McCain (Fulbright) who will study at Besancon, France next year, Margaret Brawner and Johanna Logan (National Defense Education Act) both of whom are going to the University of Washington in St. Louis, and University Fellowships were awarded to Karen Moreland (University of Washington) and Lynn Maxwell (University of North Carolina).

The 1965-1966 sessions is almost here, and although plans are far from complete, there are quite a few ideas aboiling in the pot:

Orientation committee has selected two books for

incoming freshman to read this summer — Viktor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning* and *A Separate Peace* by John Knowles. (Have you read them?)

The Dana Fine Arts Building, an architectural gem, will be dedicated in October; and the fine arts will have the center of the stage on campus next year. A committee composed of faculty, staff, and students is already at work to mesh emphasis on the arts with the regular events scheduled on the college calendar throughout next year.

Agnes Scott has been approached by the General Electric College Bowl (NBC-TV) for an appearance next year. Although a formal invitation has not been issued, Dr. Alston has sent in tentative dates for winter and spring quarters. Eleanor Hutchens '40 is the team's coach.

Dr. and Mrs. Alston (Madeline Dunscoth '28) left July 2 for three months' study and travel in Europe. For the first time since he became president of Agnes Scott, Dr. Alston will miss the opening of college next year.

Margaret Dowe Cobb '22 has been appointed Alumnae House Manager for the 1965-1966 term. She is working as secretary in the Alumnae Office this summer.

Space is short, and so is time. The best way to find out what is going on at Agnes Scott is to pay us a visit. And by the way, Alumnae Week End next year is April 22-23. See you then?

Marybeth Little Weston '48
President, Agnes Scott Alumnae
Association, Says

Alumnae Are Insatiably Curious About The College



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Marybeth says of her life as assistant editor of *House and Garden* magazine: "I love the place, the people, and the topics of the articles I'm writing, at long last, and the kids like their new school and Bill likes me even with circles under my eyes. . . . Will not give up ASC unless impeached."

WE who are alumnae might be described as keenly interested stockholders in this college. Our inherited shares in it and the values we continue to receive from it are of inestimable worth to each of us. But contrary to the usual stockholder doubts about management, the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association would like to convey its warmest thanks to you, the board of directors here, the Trustees and Administrative Officers of the College.

Of course, as Dr. Alston can tell you, alumnae are not merely interested stockholders; we are also vocal ones, often cancelling out one another in our letters of commendation or criticism about this or that. Nevertheless, there is a real dialogue between the alumnae of Agnes Scott and its faculty and administration, an openness born of respect and affection that is increasingly rare in academic life today. I am sure that as each of us read newspaper reports this year from all over the country about student protests against overlarge and impersonal academic worlds where teachers and students no longer know each other, or where students felt the administration permitted them no voice in decisions affecting their lives, or where academic honor systems were so insensitively flouted that outside committees had to come in to suggest guidelines, that each could not help but be grateful that Agnes Scott succeeds in retaining in a complex world a closeness and almost familial interest in the welfare of each person and each group in the college community.

The purpose of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association is "the furtherance of the aims of the college intellectually, financially, and spiritually." It is therefore understandable that many Agnes Scott alumnae are insatiably curious about the college and its aims, its intellectual and spiritual direction, its financial needs.

By knowing more about the college we hope to improve the services we render—in exchange for the enduring personal values the college gave us and continues to give.

I would like to report briefly on some of the Alumnae Association's efforts during the past year to further the aims of the college intellectually and spiritually. Working with the Agnes Scott administration and faculty, the Association for the third year offered a series of nighttime continuing education courses to alumnae and their husbands in the greater Atlanta area. A superb and generous faculty gave of its time last fall: Dr. Eleanor N. Hutchens '40 who lectured on James Joyce, Dr. Catherine Sims, whose subject was the Cultural Background of Modern Turkey, and Dr. Paul L. Garber who gave new insights on Archaeology and Bible Study. Plans are now being made for next fall's courses.

Nationwide Scope and Vision

At the Association's request, faculty members also gave eight special lectures for alumnae on the morning of the Alumnae Luncheon in April, thereby pleasing their listeners but frustrating all who could necessarily hear only two of the eight, and who, however happy with their choices, could not help being wistful about the intellectual and spiritual fare they had to miss!

Alumnae Clubs also serve the college by keeping scattered alumnae informed and interested. During Founder's Day Week End, nine faculty and administration people visited alumnae clubs throughout the South, in Washington and New York, at the request of alumnae in those areas. (Alumnae club members in the Atlanta area gathered on campus Founder's Day to catch up with news of the college.) I would like to add that I've found it astounding to see with what alacrity

alumnae can rally when there is a chance to visit with a representative from the campus—and that “a representative” should most certainly include Trustees. If trustees, administration, and faculty members will accept such a blanket and open invitation and let the Alumnae Office know when a business or vacation trip would permit you to meet with alumnae, we promise a warm welcome.

As you may know, three of us on the Executive Board of the Alumnae Association live in the New York area; and alumnae in Boston and in California are equally interested in keeping in close touch. As is typical of our time and age, Agnes Scott alumnae are scattered all over the country, indeed throughout the world, and this adds to our interest in the college’s nationwide scope and vision.

Alumnae Association Programs

Intellectually and spiritually, alumnae-student relationships have also flourished during the past year. Over 100 greater Atlanta area alumnae have participated in the second year of the Freshman Sponsor Program. Each participating alumna has invited freshmen roommates to her home or to an event in Atlanta. The purpose of this program is twofold: to enable students to know both graduates and Atlanta better and to help alumnae know and understand the college student of today.

The Alumnae Association has also continued its long-term program of helping students vocationally. This year the emphasis has been on raising their sights to the many professions, not mere stop-gap jobs, open to college-trained women and also to encourage students to consider careers that combine successfully with marriage, since today, as you know, one half of all women college graduates in this country do eventually work outside the home because of desire or need.

Still another way in which alumnae try to keep up with the current changes, plans, and needs of Agnes Scott is through the alumnae magazine, *The Quarterly*—which, of course, also serves alumnae intellectually by publishing articles of high calibre written by alumnae and members of the faculty and administration. I would like particularly to praise Ann Worthy Johnson '38, Director of Alumnae Affairs, for her many accomplishments in drawing alumnae closer to the college. We also share her hope, in fact have all but insisted, that the *Quarterly* be a journal of alumnae and campus opinion as well as news. We are also grateful for the special newsletters that the college’s News Service publishes from time to time and hope that newsletters can be sent out more frequently.

We on the Executive Board of the Association are proud of what the Association as an organization has

tried to do to “further the aims of the college *intellectually and spiritually,*” and we are particularly proud of what alumnae are doing individually by the very lives they lead in their communities. We have accomplished less as a group in serving the college *financially,* but it is our sincere hope that we can help stimulate a higher percentage of alumnae to give annually and can raise the sights of what an individual alumna considers an adequate gift. This, as you know, is a peculiar problem for all women alumnae, not just Agnes Scott alumnae. Many tend to think in terms of “dues” rather than financial support of independent institutions of higher education, or some, for example, fail to realize that their or their husbands’ business firms may have a program of matching a contribution to higher education.

We want to continue to help, too, in the college’s Annual Giving Program by encouraging the staff charged with this to discover and use the best in techniques of fund-raising. A major portion of our most recent Board meeting and of the April Class Council meeting, attended by several class fund agents, was devoted to this subject. The consensus was that many alumnae who participate in church and civic fund-raising, or whose business and professional experience has given them a knowledge of direct mail, advertising, or public relations methods, could be a resource to tap occasionally for new approaches to an annual-giving program for Agnes Scott.

A Lovely Light

Agnes Scott’s alumnae are an intelligent and loyal group of women, many of whose lives are a testimony to the special leaven of an Agnes Scott education. The insights I have gained as president of their association this year have been humbling and inspiring. I truly believe that through informed and concerned alumnae you add strength to yourselves as trustees and through increased friendship between the Board of Trustees and the alumnae’s Executive Board, alumnae can do much more in the furtherance of the college’s best aims. We welcome your suggestions and criticisms, just as we hope you do not shudder at ours.

Those of us who knew Agnes Scott as students, who have kept close ties with the college and its alumnae, and who have also had the opportunity to know other colleges and their alumnae well, are increasingly assured that Agnes Scott stands proudly with the best. Now our challenge is to back this conviction with a little missionary spirit, both in terms of alumnae financial support and of less modesty about that lovely light hiding under a sometimes overly-regional bushel. In the furtherance of the aims of this college, intellectually, financially, and spiritually, you have our fullest cooperation.

The Emerging of a WHOLE WOMAN



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Cathe Centorbe '66, art major from Atlanta, is one of twenty college guest editors for Mademoiselle magazine's August issue. Here is her delightful guidebook for freshmen, which shows why she won—it's also, for alumnae, a humorous peek into current student life. When asked about the prospect of a summer in the maze of New York's magazine world, Cathe grinned and said: "I've never been outside of Georgia except for an enlightening trip home with my roommate to Candor, N. C., city of 500. Do you think that will help my cosmopolitan image?"

This is your worldly



but friendly **JUNIOR SPONSOR**...
waiting patiently to take you under
her wing.

The building in front of which she is
waiting is called MAIN

and
here
SHE
is...



your new roommate
who for the last few months has
been wondering what you would
look like

This is Registration ...



WHAT a HORROR !

a unique experience - a constructive
preparation for **COURSE SELECTION**...
now you are in the swing of things

Read left to right and discover how a freshman combines brains and beauty

NAME: Cathe Centorbe
 AGE: 20 yrs. old
 COLLEGE: Agnes Scott College
 Decatur, Georgia
 GRADUATION YEAR: 1966
 MAJOR: Art
 MINOR: None
 EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES:
 Horseback riding manager
 Athletic Association Board
 Retired member of Social Council
 Associated with the Atlanta Pony Club
 JOB EXPERIENCE:
 4 years in art department (2 years as
 the head) of the Fritz Orr Camp (Atlanta)
 3 years as head of cheerleading and
 tumbling division of Fritz Orr Sports Camp
 HOME ADDRESS:
 4246 Peachtree-Dunwoody Road
 Atlanta, Georgia 30305
 PHONE: 231-3340

The Emerging of



a WHOLE WOMAN

a guidebook to freshmen

This is you



at the Atlanta Airport...

in a mild state of PANIC

Your first taste of culture...



the music department recital
 in honor of the freshman class...
 followed by the faculty receiving line

and then -
 your first taste of WORK



accompanied by great
 aspirations -

" Become a



Great
 Thinker

The Emerging of a WHOLE WOMAN (Continued)

and becomes that paragon of virtue, the "well-rounded"

to Develop a Green Thumb
in the



GREENHOUSE
(Grow your Christmas presents)

or to **CREATE**
and to



Become a famous Sculptress or painter

...then there is Phys.Ed....



to the survival of the fittest
why not try hockey
or...

This is you with an engineer



He takes you to football games...
sometimes he helps you with your math -
sometimes you help him with his English

All of a sudden, you
become aware



of
YOURSELF
as a
Social Being

YOU BECOME
a true



WOMAN of the WORLD
You discover soft crepe, feminine ruffles,
figured hose, little heels, false eyelashes and
you even get your ears pierced.

oman," a simultaneously academic-social creature

better still...
join the elite'



Those who ride at the Vogt Stables
and better still those who hunt foxes,
with THE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

Thus:
Here you are on Saturday night...



a highly intellectual & athletic
beauty... a social sensation
in-the-making

This is you... Kicking it up
at the first social function
of the year...



a Georgia Tech rush party
(fraternity rush, of course)

It is here that you acquire a new method
of dance... the Monkey. The movements
are similar to those of an animal of the
same name - very tricky

You Even Become



a little highbrow at times...
when you make a ravishing appearance
at opening night of the OPERA

WHEN the YEAR



COMES to an END and YOU
STOP to LOOK BACK...

YOU WILL REALIZE
with great satisfaction



that

YOU HAVE EMERGED...
a Whole Woman

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Betsy, formerly Director of the College's News Service, wrote this article on Agnes Scott's Contemporary Dance Group for the Atlanta Journal-Constitution magazine; it is reprinted with permission. We miss Betsy on campus, but our great good wishes go with her to the Southern Regional Education Board and for her free-lance writing.

They Dance at Church

By **BETSY FANCHER**

RELIGION and the dance were once inseparable. Through movement, man conveyed his joy, his blazing convictions and profound reverence in a tribute to the glory of God.

But as the organized church grew in power, dance lost its place in the ritual of worship. Now, however, under the leadership of Miss Kay Osborne, a stunningly beautiful blonde dancer, Agnes Scott College's dance group has brought the art again into the church where it has taken on a new and profound significance for worshippers.

In the chancels and youth halls of churches of every denomination, the Agnes Scott dancers this past term interpreted hymns, psalms, religious poems and dramas in free, spirited and reverent movement to both music and dramatic readings.

At the opening of the Ecumenical Council at St. Mark's Methodist Church, they interpreted "In Christ There Is No East Nor West." They have translated into movement the epic of Moses, the exodus, the trials, the oppression of the Israelites, the plagues, the period in the wilderness and the receiving of the Ten Commandments. They have danced to the dramatic poem, "Judas Barabas Iscariot," and conveyed the raising of Lazarus from the dead and the Crucifixion. They have interpreted most of the psalms, have evolved suites of dances for the religious seasons and have been widely hailed for their moving renditions of the familiar Christmas carols.

Their instructor, Miss Osborne, of the Physical Education Department, choreographed these original dances from the geometric shapes in stained glass windows, from religious characters and themes and the natural gestures of worship—praying hands, the sign of the cross, kneeling, genuflecting, bowing the head.

"Modern dance is an art form based on every-day movements," explains Miss Osborne. "There are no

prescribed motions. One uses the natural gestures. It's an expressive and totally unlimited art form. One is free to create many movements, to shape any design."

To the young people and their parents who think in terms of the frug and the jump, these dances have been a revelation. "Dance has degenerated so through the years, it has been so terribly abused," says Miss Osborne. "It carries a stigma—people have assumed it is a sinful pastime. Of all the art forms, the public is least oriented to the dance. Our audiences are always so surprised, so enthusiastic. It's a very significant experience for them."

It has also been a significant experience for the Agnes Scott dancers, enriching their religious lives. "What you believe in your total being shows through in motion," says Miss Osborne. "The girls love to do programs. They never say no, even though it means breaking a date or staying up all night to study for a test."

The petite instructor, who has studied with Martha Graham, Ted Shawn and Pauline Koner, shares their conviction that for the true dancer, dance and religion are inseparable.

"The arts reflect the needs, emotions, and feelings of a people at a given time and place," says Miss Osborne. "If religion is a way of life for a person, it cannot be separated from the way in which she uses her talents."

She believes, as do a growing number of other leading dance figures and college groups, that dance is a natural form of worship. "Movement communicates the true feelings of people better than words," she says. "Dance was the first communicative art—it was used by primitive man, by the Egyptians and the Greeks to express their emotions. Those who love to dance, and have been given a talent for it, should recognize it as a fine art to be used for the glory of God."



(Top: Debbie Potts expresses total exultation in a soaring leap to the music of "Joy to the World: The Lord is Come." Lower Left) Paula Savage interprets a religious poem. Lower Right: Two young artists bow before the altar at Holy Innocents Episcopal Church in Sandy Springs, Ga.



Analytical Tools Honed By Liberal Arts



By NANCY YONTZ LINEHAN '65

TO convey in words the interests, attitudes, and atmosphere of the life of a campus to anyone who does not live on that campus is, inevitably, to distort reality. Accurate knowledge of the Agnes Scott community comes only with living in it—in seeing the vociferous class debates on the early British novel; the ensuing (and equally vociferous) discussions on the same topic in the dining hall; the political debates in the Hub between the Democrats and the Republicans; the subsequent mock election in which the former party prevailed—all of these moments are the true image of Agnes Scott, and if we could have you with us for a year, we would leap eagerly at the opportunity. For we would have you know Agnes Scott as we do. But since this happy circumstance cannot be so, I will attempt to forge an image for you.

In a recent letter to my parents, I said that the greatest lesson which I have learned at Agnes Scott is never to fear analysis. If something is good, it can withstand the scrutiny of questioning. In the academic life of this college, we are asked to probe, to question, to analyze everything which comes into our ken. There are no holds barred in our demands on novelists and poets who are not even here to defend themselves . . . yet, and quite justly so, their works must be their only defense. We are required through our studies to form definite opinions and yet to keep our minds completely open to

conflicting evidence. The difficulty of this double demand puts one in a perilous position, yet a position which increasingly frees the student from the narrowness of a subjective viewpoint. For a student to attain full academic maturity at Agnes Scott, she must even utilize her critical capacity when, in the classroom, she is confronted with the considered opinions of learned professors.

Parents, faculty, administration, Board of Trustees, and society all assume a risk. Knowledge beyond a surface understanding may well prove a threat to existing ideas and beliefs. The student in questioning and analyzing may come up with other views which are not in agreement with traditional ones. Yet no one ever considers taking this privilege away. The risk of upheaval is balanced by the fact that independent thinking and sound judgment on the part of the student are being cultivated. Thus, in our academic life we are treated as women with the ability to make our own decisions, to use our own judgment, to assume responsibility for our own mistakes.

It becomes a natural event that the analytical tools honed by liberal arts training are also applied to the extracurricular life on the campus. It is because of the freedom to rethink the status quo that we were able to restructure student government three years ago. The channeling of the legislative and judicial responsibilities

into two separate bodies has served the campus much more effectively. The freedom to engage in analysis encourages us to rethink every aspect of self-government, not to be entirely satisfied with things as they are. At fall retreat every year, we ask student leaders to rethink their organizations under student government; to analyze what they believe to be the essence of Agnes Scott; to suspend, for the moment, the framework of organized government and to look again at the core, the essence, the *raison d'être*. Out of this close scrutiny come many constructive ideas. I would ask to be allowed to tell you of two of them: Student Curriculum Committee and Arts Council.

Student Curriculum Committee grew from the ideas of Mortar Board and Student Government in 1962-63. The purpose of the Committee is the study of present curriculum so that informed suggestions for improvement might be submitted to the faculty curriculum committee. The president of the student body appoints the chairman who then selects her committee, with the approval of the president. Students of high academic standing who represent diverse fields of concentration compose the Committee. Information made available by the National Student Association, by the Health, Education, and Welfare Department of the federal government, and by other colleges and universities with similar student committees was very helpful in the initial organization.

Students are vitally concerned with strengthening the academic effectiveness of the College through creative analysis of curriculum. Working closely with the Dean of the Faculty, Student Curriculum Committee serves as a channel for the expression of student suggestions on academic matters.

Areas in which the thought and effort of this Committee are applied include:

1. Compiling and evaluating student proposals for course changes, addition of courses, or schedule rearrangement.
2. Analysis of requirements for the degree and consideration of the possibilities of a stronger program with major and minor fields, instead of a major and related hours.
3. Examination of the independent study program.
4. Distribution of instruction booklets to facilitate pre-registration in the spring and booklets prepared in conjunction with department chairmen to aid rising juniors in the selection of majors.
5. Discussion of coordination of the Agnes Scott curriculum with that of Emory University.

Student concern for a vital, pertinent, intellectual program at Agnes Scott led to the initiation this fall quarter of one-hour-a-week non-credit study groups designed to supplement the academic curriculum in the

best interests of an informed student body. Eighty students were registered for this first venture in "education for the interested." Faculty members volunteered their time to lead in reading and discussion on two issues: "The Civil Rights Movement" and "Issues and Candidates, 1964."

The "profit" of a liberal arts education is essentially a creative and analytical reasoning capacity. The functioning of this Committee is but one example of the feeding back into the institution of this invaluable "profit."

Another committee of which I am most proud is the Arts Council formed in the fall of 1963. The membership consists of one representative from each of the fine arts organizations on campus: drama, dance, music, creative writing, the plastic arts. Its purpose is to serve as a clearing house for all activities in the arts both at Agnes Scott and in the Greater Atlanta area. Among its numerous ideas is an arts calendar, listing events to take place throughout the year. A student art exhibit room in which art work of students can be sold year round is another of the Council's plans. The establishment of a student painting rental system will allow the tumbling walls of Rebekah to be brightened with a student painting for only 50¢ a week. The Arts Council last year commissioned an Agnes Scott student to write a short story to be presented to the student body in a chapel program. The project which we hope will be in effect by winter quarter is that of bringing foreign arts films to our campus with subsequent seminars on these films led by faculty members. We feel that this project will be most edifying for Agnes Scott students and for interested people in the Greater Atlanta area. These are but a few of Art Council's ideas, and they ask only for a chance to actualize them for the benefit of the campus.

In a very short time, I have endeavored to give you some idea of the atmosphere of the Agnes Scott campus. In a word, Agnes Scott endeavors to lead in the field of education. She refuses to compromise with a sometimes ignorant world; she insists on remaining in the light of understanding through learning. I am reminded of a poem by the late friend of the College, Robert Frost. As he passes by a wood at night, he reflects:

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went
Almost like a call
To come into the dark and lament.
But no, I was out for stars:
I would not come in.

Editor's Note: This article is edited from a talk Nancy, President of Student Government, made to the Board of Trustees in October, 1964.

Dr. Alston posed with Jean McCurdy '64 (left) and Caryl Pearson '64 who were back for their 1st reunion.

Alumnae Week End



The Class of 1915 celebrated its 50th Reunion. Pretty and lively, the class received Agnes Scott charms as mementos of the occasion.





Donna Dugger Smith '53, Class Council Chairman, introduced reunion classes at the Alumnae Luncheon. Seated in front of the lectern were Ann Worthy Johnson '38 and Marybeth Little Weston '48.

Dr. C. Benton Kline, Jr. chatted with his former students Barbara Chambers Donnelly '64 (left) and Mary Womack '64 after his lecture on Paul Tillich's theology.



An excited and happy crowd of alumnae gathered on campus for the Alumnae Luncheon and other alumnae week end activities.



Dean Emeritus S. Guerry Stukes was a smiling, familiar figure to all alumnae. Barbara Gallion (left), a member of the alumnae office staff, Gene Slack Morse '41, Regional Vice-President, and Sarah Frances McDonald '36, former Alumnae Association President, enjoyed talking with him at the luncheon.

Alumnae Week End

(Continued)



Nearly 500 alumnae enjoyed the delicious luncheon in beautiful Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall.

The Class of 1940 was well represented at its 25th Reunion. In fact, so many members of the class were here that the photographer had to take two pictures to get them all in!





Louise Sams Hardy '41 was elected a Vice-President of the Alumnae Association at the annual meeting on April 24. "Weezie" is currently president of the Jackson, Miss., Alumnae Club.

DEATHS

Faculty

Byers M. Bachman, former treasurer of Agnes Scott College and brother of Lillie Bachman Harris '09, December 25, 1964.
Helen Marie Carlson, former member of French Department, April 18, 1965

Institute

Stella Austin Stannard (Mrs. M. L.) March 25, 1965
Annie Lynn Bachman McClain (Mrs. W. A.), sister of Lillie Bachman Harris '09, February 11, 1965.
Dr. Phinizy Calhoun, husband of Marion Peel Calhoun, May 9, 1965.
Alice Coffin Smith (Mrs. W. Frank), mother of Sarah Smith Merry '26, March 19, 1965.
Martha Harris Prentice (Mrs. R. H.), December 1, 1964.
Mary Elizabeth (Bessie) Jones, April 15, 1965.
Kathleen Kirkpatrick Daniel (Mrs. J. L.), mother of Kathleen Daniel Spicer '37 and Elizabeth Daniel Owens '45, May 18, 1965.

1911

Sidney Carr Mize, husband of Erma Montgomery Mize, April 26, 1965.
Mary Elizabeth Radford, January 19, 1965.

1912

Marie MacIntyre Alexander (Mrs. W. A.), mother of Marie Louise Scott O'Neill '42 and Rebekah Scott Bryan '48, January 1965.
Fannie G. Mayson Donaldson (Mrs. D. B.), sister of Annie Mayson Lynn '16, and Venice Mayson Fry '11, March 1965.

1918

Belle Bacon Cooper, sister of Cornelia Cooper '12, and Lucia Cooper Christopher '16, April 28, 1965.
Lee Bond Taylor, husband of Rose Harwood Taylor, January 12, 1965.

1920

Katherine Reid, sister of Lthel Reid '08 and Grace Reid '15, May 1, 1965.

1921

Isabella Currie Hope (Mrs. Edward B.), March 15, 1965.

1924

Harry Ryals Stone, brother of Polly Stone Buck, March 16, 1965.

1927

David J. McMahan, husband of Lucia Nimmons McMahan, April 20, 1965.

1929

William Sheffield Owen, husband of Evelyn Wood Owen, April 18, 1965.

1931

William Johnston, husband of Martha Ransom Johnston, October 1964

1933

Walter S. Kilpatrick, father of Roberta Kilpatrick Stubblebine, February 1965.

1934

Mary Evelyn Winterhottom, March 11, 1965.

1935

Cyrus Scott Kump, husband of Hazel Turner Kump and brother of Peggy Kump Roberts, February, 1964.

1937

R. D. Kneale, father of Mary Kneale Avrett this past winter.

1938

Mrs. A. S. King, mother of Eliza King Paschall, April 3, 1965.

1941

Dr. Madison Lee, Jr., brother of Sara Lee Jackson, Stratton Lee Peacock '46, and Nancy Lee Riffe '54, April 1965.

1942

Frank Q. O'Neill, husband of Marie Louise Scott O'Neill '42, December 1964.

1943

Georgiana Tate Kauffman (Mrs. Dale), November 13, 1964.

1946

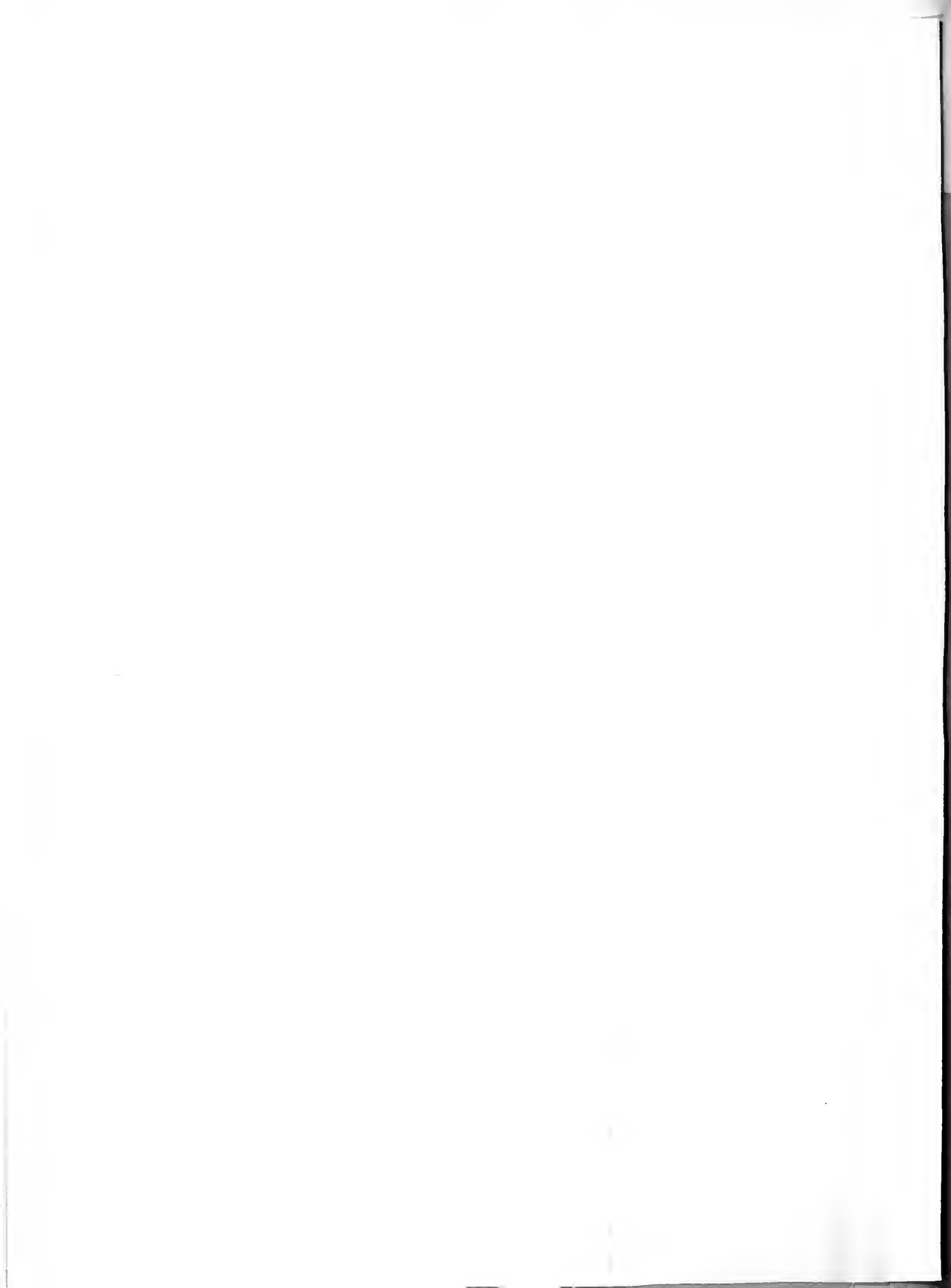
W. H. Spragens, father of Dorothy Spragens Trice, summer 1964.

1954

Marion Tennant Moorfield (Mrs. James), January 1965.

1960

Pete John Bagiatis, father of Hytho Bagiatis and Angelina Bagiatis Demos '63, May 22, 1965.





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DECO

FOR REFERENCE

Do Not Take From This Room

